

# The Saturday Review

No. 2209, Vol. 85.

26 February, 1898.

Price 6d.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
SUPPLEMENT:		MONEY MATTERS.	293	REVIEWS:	
The State of the National Gallery	275	New Issues.—The Edison Phonograph; Brigg Haulage; Schibaieff Petroleum; Era Incandescent; Lundy Granite; Westralian Gold and Share Production	294	A Sixteenth-Century Surgeon	297
NOTES . . . . .	281	Advice to Investors	295	Dr. Brandes on Shakespeare	298
LEADING ARTICLE:		CORRESPONDENCE:		Cuba in War Time	299
Irish Local Government	284	The Beneficed Clergy and their Grievance	295	Mr. Henley's Burns	299
SPECIAL ARTICLES:		About "The Canon." By H. G. Wells	296	Local Government	300
Shakespeare's Sonnets. By J. Churton Collins	285	"Not a Schismatic." By R. B. Cunningham Graham	296	Milton a Sentimental Prig	301
Popular Natural History. By Aylmer Pollard	287	Reforms in the British Army. By Lieut.-General F. H. Tyrrell	296	Pasteur	301
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		Olympian Food. By E. D. Cuming	296	Rome and her Priesthood	302
A Forgotten Wirepuller	288			The Journal of a Polish Countess	303
A Mild Winter	289			The Last of Lewis Carroll	303
Dr. Parr's Latest "Masterpiece." By J. F. R.	290			Verse, Recent and not Recent	303
Shakespeare's Merry Gentlemen. By G. B. S.	291			Fiction	304
				Literary Notes	306
				Books About the Bible	307

## NOTES.

THE want of interest lately shown by Lord Salisbury in foreign affairs, and his more than customary want of proper pugnacity, may perhaps be accounted for by his preoccupation with the fierce fight that is going on at present between himself and Mr. Chamberlain. Conservative circles, at any rate, are much exercised by it. Mr. Chamberlain, it is said, has secured the support of many of the dailies by interviews with the editors; it is said, also, that he has uttered many disagreeable things about his chief. On one point the Conservatives are agreed—namely, that Lord Salisbury, by reason of his advancing years, his ailments, his private worries, and his constitutional incapacity for action, is no longer tolerable as Foreign Minister. On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain is not loved by any of the Tory party, and is cordially disliked by a great many of them; and there is a general feeling that his aggressive activity, which may land the country in war, will prove worse than Lord Salisbury's inertia. In the circumstances it is not surprising that many eyes should be turned longingly on Lord Cromer as Lord Salisbury's successor at the Foreign Office. Perhaps at the present time a better choice could not be made. Lord Cromer would be less easily frightened than Lord Salisbury, and not so rash as Mr. Chamberlain. Above all, his appointment would end the private feuds in the camp.

The weakness of the Opposition was never better exemplified than in the Chitral debate to which we drew attention in our issue of last week. The Conservatives are still rejoicing over their victory, so it might be as well to point out that it was due rather to the weakness of their opponents than to the strength of the Conservative position. For instance it is perfectly foolish of our Government to occupy Chitral permanently; Mr. Curzon's belief that Chitral is on the Russian line of advance against India is absurd in the extreme. The pass leading into Chitral from the Russian side is we believe about 17,000 feet above sea-level; at any rate it is considerably higher than Mont Blanc, and is only open some sixty or eighty days in each year. The Russians would never enter a gate which nature closes behind them nine months out of the twelve. But in this matter the Conservatives are able to blame the Liberals for relieving Chitral: an effective *tu quoque* is looked upon in party warfare as sufficient excuse for any folly.

Moreover, our Indian soldiers posted in Chitral hate the work: they are too far from home, and they grumble continually. They cost, too, eight times as much in Chitral as they would cost at Peshawur, a fact which shows as clearly as anything could the difficulties of communication. The tribes of Afridis and Orakzais are enlightened enough to know that we are compelled to hold the

Khaibar and other passes, and consequently they tolerate our presence there. But Chitral leads to nowhere, and the Swat valley which leads to Chitral is regarded by all the Mussulmans of the frontier as a sort of sacred valley, and they resent our presence there not only as an infringement of their independence because we don't need to hold it, but also as an outrage on one of their holy places. These facts and dozens of others like them might have been used with effect by the Opposition, but the course of the debate showed that none of the Opposition leaders had taken the trouble to study the question.

Mr. Arthur Balfour has shown himself at his best and at his worst in this Session. For example, when he had to make a statement about foreign affairs and China in the House of Commons he was at his very worst. He didn't appear to understand the question or to take any interest in it. He misspoke once or twice, and at the crucial point turned coolly round and conferred with Mr. Chamberlain and with his brother for some minutes. Meanwhile the House fretted at a misplaced insouciance. On the Home Rule debate, however, which Mr. Redmond made so very unpleasant for Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Balfour was seen at his very best. He chaffed the Irishmen and the leaders of the Opposition with an ease and humour that delighted the House. Persiflage is Mr. Balfour's strong point; but who would have thought that an English Minister would have come to power by means of the very weapon which only twenty years ago did so much to injure Mr. Matthew Arnold's reputation as a serious man of letters.

Sir William Harcourt went to Bury on Tuesday night and made a first-rate fighting speech. The ridicule he heaped on his opponents was perhaps a little too broad for the House of Commons, but it was more effective than any delicate satire would be with a provincial audience. He declared that the union of Liberal Unionists and Tories was "merely a process of deglutition," such as can be seen when "a boa constrictor swallows a rabbit. First the head goes down, then there is a painful struggle . . . but by degrees the rabbit disappears, and there is only a snake left, a snake with a bulge." Sir William was more interesting when he defended his own finance. He declared that out of the death duties the Government would obtain five millions this year and they "have given nearly half that sum to themselves under the name of Agricultural Rates, . . . while nothing has been done for the urban populations, whose rates are infinitely more oppressive. It is just like a man at a charity sermon who puts a shilling into the plate and takes out half-a-crown."

But after all it was Sir William Harcourt's attack on the foreign policy of the Government which was most

effective. He made the points which are familiar to all of us by this time, but he made them with an infinite verve: "the concert of Europe had broken down" . . . "Madagascar, Siam, Tunis—these are the moral victories of the foreign policy"—but not much to boast of. Then he attacked the forward policy of the present Government on the North-West Frontier. He ascribed the conflict to British jingoism and added that "jingoism is rampant inflated with that braggart insolence which goes before a fall." He quoted with approval the prudent words of Lord Salisbury about the danger of "over-taxing our strength," which we quoted two weeks ago in these columns. Lord Salisbury's words, said Sir William, were "solemn and weighty words," . . . "words of wisdom, the voice of the profound anxiety of the statesman who is charged with the fortunes of a mighty Empire."

Sir William Harcourt is undoubtedly right. Lord Salisbury's words were words of wisdom, and whatever he says on foreign affairs is usually informed with the most excellent spirit; but somehow or another his actions are not as convincing as his words; for example, he told us that the condition that Ta-lien-wan should be made a free port meant nothing. It was an unimportant condition withdrawn as soon as made. But every one knows that the condition was a slap in the face at Russia and nothing else, for Ta-lien-wan as a port is worthless. Consequently when the Chinese refused to grant us the condition the refusal was made at the instance of Russia, and Lord Salisbury's diplomacy had suffered another humiliating check. The truth is, Lord Salisbury is one of the wisest of Foreign Ministers in words; he always has been that. When he became Minister of Foreign Affairs for the first time, in 1878, he issued a circular which attracted universal attention as one of the ablest statements of policy which a Minister had ever produced. But all his words ended in uniting us more closely with Turkey in the taking of Cyprus and in the D  b  cle of the Poles in 1880. The fact is that one does not want wise words in a Foreign Minister so much as acknowledged strength of character.

Though the credit for the new Irish Local Government Bill, which we discuss fully elsewhere, is given to Mr. Gerald Balfour, there can be no doubt that it should go mainly to Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain probably took many of his ideas from Lord Randolph Churchill's old, almost forgotten scheme. No one is quite sure whether the Bill will pass or not. Of course many of the landlords are against it; but if Lord Salisbury, as is expected, supports it, the irreconcilable Lord Londonderry will be easily beaten, and the others will see the wisdom of leaving unopposed the first measure for the establishing of peace in Ireland that has had a chance of becoming law.

The suspicion that the Abyssinian treaty is not a masterly document found expression in the House of Commons on Thursday night. Sir Charles Dilke felt that in ceding to the Emperor Menelik a large part of the Somali Coast Protectorate, the Government had made a grave mistake. Mr. Curzon put the blame upon Mr. Rennell Rodd, but did not think it should be severe. The territory ceded was merely a strip of grazing ground, and the rights of the tribes which had access to the land had been preserved. Sir Charles Dilke feared that the "rectification of the frontier" would lead us into difficulties with other Powers; indeed, tribes friendly to us were already being raided by the Abyssinians. All that Mr. Curzon had to say on that head was that Menelik had promised to treat the tribes well, and to do all he could to prevent the conveyance through his dominions of arms to the Mahdists. Neither ministers or critics seem to understand the subject of the treaty very accurately; and, with Mr. Curzon, we must be content to put our trust in Lieutenant Harrington, who has been appointed to the Court of the barbarian monarch.

On Sunday, Lieutenant-Colonel Pilcher, Commandant of the Royal Niger Company, sent to the Colonial Office a very alarming statement. A French force of four

officers and a hundred men had, he said, entered English territory east of the Niger. The dismay which the news caused was mitigated by a telegram from our Ambassador at Paris, read to the House of Lords by the Prime Minister on Tuesday afternoon. M. Hanotaux, who had been brought to book on the subject, "had no knowledge of the proceedings. If anything of the kind had occurred it would have been done not only without orders from the French Government, but against their wishes and instructions, as they had no desire of approaching Sokoto. He said that he did not believe the news to be true, and he has since communicated to me an assurance which he has received from the Minister of the Colonies that there are no French troops in that region." The truth we imagine to be that the facts were as stated by Colonel Pilcher. The French Government habitually encourages its forces in out-of-the-way regions to encroach; if they are successful, it reaps the fruits; if they fail, it repudiates them. Consols fell half a point during the exciting episode; but the press and the people were practically unanimous that if there had been an act of war on the part of France, reparation should be exacted immediately.

It is not by any means certain that the difficulty is over. The French Minister for Foreign Affairs repeated and supplemented his assurances on Thursday; but, in reporting this, Lord Salisbury bid not seem to feel that they were sufficient. Distances are so vast in Africa that it may well be, as we have said, that Colonel Pilcher, rather than the French agents, spoke the truth. Many years ago a missionary flogged a negro boy to death. The Government being asked why the nearest Consul had not been brought upon the scene, Sir Charles Dilke, then at the Foreign Office, had to answer that the nearest Consul was thousands of miles off. Certain it is that, whether the Foreign Office of France is right on the specific point on which it is actively seeking to reassure us, in other regions of West Africa there are French soldiers where none should be. This comes of that neglect of our Colonial responsibilities which was the habitual policy of England from the time of the Manchester School until the rise of Mr. Chamberlain. Even with the Germans we may yet have trouble on the Niger. It is gratifying to notice that in his resolve to undo the unimaginative indolence of his predecessors Mr. Chamberlain has the strong support of Sir Edward Grey, Sir Charles Dilke, and, indeed, of all the able men in the Opposition.

A curious example has just reached us of the methods of administration in vogue at Pretoria. The other day we sent a private telegram to Chief Justice Kotz  . The next day we received a letter from the English Telegraph Office which ran as follows: "Pretoria informs us that they have treated the telegram as containing two addresses, and one copy has been delivered to the present and one copy to the late Chief Justice; for the second copy an additional fivepence has been incurred. I beg you will have the goodness to pay the bearer that sum." Comment is almost unnecessary. Even the Hollanders in charge of the Telegraph Office at Pretoria did not imagine that the telegram was intended for Gregorowski, but they sent it to him nevertheless, and thus published a private document. We can only hope that the perusal of it did Gregorowski good. But were there ever such tantalising methods used by a Government that pretends to be civilised? Let no one say that the matter is so small that it is unimportant. It is just such small acts of arbitrary power that men feel to be intolerable, and it is easy to imagine the daily irritations to which Englishmen and Frenchmen and Germans are subjected in the Transvaal. The bowing to Gesler's hat was a smaller thing.

The various crises in the Far East are practically over. China has arranged to borrow   16,000,000, at 4   per cent., from the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation and the German Asiatic Bank. According to the Berlin correspondent of the "Times,"   8,000,000 is to be found by the English bankers;   8,000,000 by the Germans. China pledges her inland



Customs as security for principal and interest, and agrees that while we retain our predominance in trade the Maritime Customs shall be controlled by an Englishman. Japan will now receive the instalment of indemnity for which she has been pressing, and China will be free to attend to the development of her commerce. Had Peking accepted the offer of the English Government, the interest on the loan would have been only 4 per cent.; but that is China's own affair. England will profit by the transaction almost as much as she would have profited if we alone had made the advance. Besides, international jealousies are perceptibly appeased by the fact that in this matter we have not a monopoly in finance. Germany herself is so agreeably surprised that "a distinctly friendly feeling towards England is noticeable in her Press."

The "concessions" which China makes are, as was to be expected, almost purely commercial. Certain inland waterways of the Empire are to be free, from next June, to merchant vessels of foreign Powers. There is to be a new port in Hu-nan; but, as that province is in a state of insubordination, this concession, it is stipulated, may be delayed for two years. The Chinese Government has undertaken not to lease, mortgage or cede to any Power any territory in the Yangtze basin. This is regarded as a triumph for the English contention that no Power should be allowed to acquire the means of any special privilege in trade. All the Powers, indeed, seem to be falling in with the English ideal. There are still incidental questions to be settled. According to the news from Tonking, France is preparing to occupy Hai-nan; and Japan is not at all pleased with the continued presence of Russian warships in Port Arthur. It is not likely, however, that either of those difficulties will lead to a breach of the peace. It is certain, at any rate, that there is no longer any talk about the partition of China.

No one expected for a moment that the cost of the recent campaign on the North-west Frontier of India would be considered an Imperial charge, though no one has a doubt that in its origin and in its conduct it is the result of Imperial adventure. But on Tuesday night in the House of Commons Mr. Samuel Smith suggested in a resolution that the operations on the frontier ought not to be charged entirely upon the revenues of India. Lord George Hamilton thereupon made it clear that the Hindu peasant would have to pay for our attempt to spread the blessings of civilisation amongst the Afridis, the Bunerwals and other frontier tribes. After a feeble panegyric, in his customary manner, of British rule in India, he gave a reason for this unfair decision of the Indian Government. The additional expenditure could, he informed the House, be met without additional taxation, or "undue increase of deficit." It would be interesting to know what significance our intelligent Secretary of State for India attaches to the word "undue." Is it that large deficits are so much a commonplace of Indian budgets as to make an extra charge of £4,000,000 sterling a matter of no importance one way or the other? It is a miracle that in the face of such acts of injustice as this we can still maintain our Imperial rule in India.

The new era that has set in in the Court of Queen's Bench under Lord Russell was again markedly illustrated this week by the way in which he swept out of his Court a silly libel action in which the plaintiff objected to being called "A Love-stricken Solicitor." There was absolutely no shadow of libel in the publication, which was simply the report of a police-court case, in which the man, who seems to be one of those pests who follow ladies about and persecute them with unwelcome attentions, was had up and bound over to keep the peace. The "Daily News" gave an abbreviated report with the very mild heading objected to. As soon as the Lord Chief Justice had heard the nature of the case, he broke out with the remark, "Really, the more one sees of these libel actions, the more indignant one becomes. . . . He would tell the jury that it was not a libel, and that they would simply be making themselves ridiculous if they found that it was a libel."

With that there was an end of the case. But will it be the end of other cases—will it put any check on the speculating solicitors and the blackmailing plaintiffs who have so long had the run of the courts to their own profit, and at the cost of many thousands of pounds annually to the newspapers? That all depends on whether the Lord Chief Justice's example will be followed by his puisnés. He has no direct authority, and we fear that, while the young and intelligent judges will probably follow his example, the older sinners are case-hardened. We tremble to think what would have happened, for example, if the case had come before Mr. Justice Laurance. The "libel" would have been frowned and snorted over; the jury would have been informed, with owl-like gravity, that these unprovoked attacks of the press on private character were increasing, that no man's reputation was safe while men "writing for gain" were at liberty to attack and criticise with impunity, and in the end the unfortunate jury would have been hypnotised into a verdict for the plaintiff.

The "Maine" affair looks gravely threatening this week. The United States exports have been repeatedly down with the divers, and have had ample time to examine all parts of the wreck, but the "Court of Inquiry" continues to sit in secret and refuses to make anything public. Seeing how nervously anxious President McKinley and his Ministers are to avoid a rupture with Spain, this is ominous, for they would obviously have hastened to publish anything that would help them to stop the mouths of Senator Mason and Senator Allen, who with the assistance of the "Journal" and the "World," are yelling for instant war in the best jingo style. Senator Sherman having been silenced by the simple process of not allowing him to know anything, the American Executive have kept their secrets admirably of late, but it is shrewdly suspected that the pacific disposition of Mr. McKinley is largely owing to reports from his naval advisers to the effect that America is not in a condition to go to war with Spain with any certainty of immediate and overwhelming success. The Spanish fleet is not to be despised, and the South American Republics have not displayed that love and affection for their northern sister which Mr. Blaine once tried to instil into them. But all that will not prevent the jingoes from forcing the President's hand if the smallest scrap of evidence implicating the Cuban authorities were to become public.

The Turk has been indulging in his old horrors at Uskub, and, in response to the remonstrances of the Bulgarian President, the usual commission has been sent and has issued the usual report. Some of the victims have been condemned to death, some deported to Ishtib. The rest, on being released—so we are assured—displayed "astonishment and indignation" at the idea that their names should have got into the papers at all, and that any one should have suggested that they had been tortured. Certain persons who have not been tortured have even been produced before Mr. Elliot, our Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople, who is now at Uskub, and that of course is conclusive. The real difficulty in these cases is not to ascertain the truth, but to know what is to be done. The Turk alone was intractable enough, but when secretly backed up by Germany or by Russia, or by both, appeals for redress are useless, especially since the Greek fiasco, which has given the Sultan the idea that he is a conquering hero. Bulgaria will not force a quarrel till Russia gives her permission.

The annual cry of distress comes from Belmullet, the trouble being rendered unusually acute by the fact that not only were the potatoes largely a failure last autumn, but just now owing to persistently stormy weather no food supplies have been able to reach that desolate corner of Mayo for some weeks, and the people are in danger of actual starvation. Belmullet is not an island in the geographical sense, but it is isolated from the comparative civilisation of Ballina and Westport by forty miles of the dreariest and most hopelessly barren bog in all Ireland. For food when the potatoes are gone the people depend (even when they have money to buy

it) on supplies brought by sea in clumsy hookers, and when the hookers fail them they are at the end of their resources. Of all the "congested" spots in the West it would seem to be the one most in need of a light railway, and the people claim that a railway was absolutely promised by Mr. Balfour himself when he visited the village. But although surveys have been made by three different routes and all the plans for that decided upon as the best are in readiness, nothing has been done.

The election of the next London County Council will take place on Thursday week. It is curious to note that no one is taking much interest in this event, which three or four years ago used to occasion much excitement. It is true that the halfpenny Radical papers are trying to make a fuss, but no one seems to be a pennyworth more interested in spite of all their efforts. The combination of politics with municipal administration has not been a success and it is only just to say that the Moderates are quite as guilty as the Progressives of having introduced party considerations into the business. For ourselves, we do not see that it matters much to London which party is in power at Spring Gardens.

M. Zola has been convicted, after a trial which the whole world outside France has regarded as a parody of justice. He will appeal, no doubt, and when the passions of the mob have subsided his sentence will most probably be reduced to a more lenient one. But he has achieved his aim. He has convinced the world that, whether Captain Dreyfus is guilty or not, he was not convicted after a fair and open trial. It is clear that a secret document was placed before the judges in the Dreyfus court-martial which the defence was not allowed to see. Few people outside the hysterical mob that has thronged the Palais de Justice for a week past can have any doubt that the "bordereau," sorry document that it is, was written by Major Esterhazy. France comes out of the whole affair ridiculous and diminished; the French army has been insulted, not by M. Zola, but by the officers who made fools of themselves in the witness-box by their silly rhodomontade and hysterical mock-patriotism; and with the three trials of Dreyfus, Esterhazy and Zola before it the world will refuse to believe that justice is possible in France. How should it be where there are judges like the President of the Court, the tool of a black ministry and the plaything of the Parisian mob.

Newfoundland has done a good many remarkable things in the last few years, but her latest move is the most remarkable of all. She has entered into a contract with a Mr. Reid, of railway fame, under which he practically secures a right to run the Colony. He is to take over and work the railway system, to acquire huge tracts of land, to purchase the St. John's dry dock, to build new steamers, to take over the telegraph lines, and in other ways to secure control over concerns of public interest. The Government seems to have handed over to Mr. Reid, in return for a substantial sum, just those things out of which they might be expected to make advancing profits in the interests of the community. They are content apparently to reduce themselves to the position of glorified revenue collectors. If Mr. Reid can make these public works pay, why cannot the Government? The concession of this extraordinary monopoly is a complete confession of the failure of autonomy in Britain's oldest Colony.

Dr. Billing, the Bishop of Bedford, whose death is announced, had long been a hopeless invalid, his disease being paralysis of the brain. He was a very hard and most conscientious worker. He used to say that his parish consisted of two-thirds thieves and one-third Jews, and that his great object was to get his parishioners to leave the parish! He was often out in the streets for the whole night, watching and helping. As a bishop he was not in the least successful. His personality lacked distinction. It is strange that so strong a man as Archbishop Temple should have shown so consistent a want of insight and knowledge of men in his appointments to office. Only the Archdeacon of London has been a success.

## IRISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

TOO much praise is dreaded, among the Celtic races, as a bringer of ill-luck, and Mr. Gerald Balfour may well be tempted to sacrifice something in order to propitiate the fates in view of the extraordinary outburst of approval that has greeted his Irish Local Government Bill. We prefer to take a more matter-of-fact view of the situation, and to say that the praise is simply the natural reward of a courageous and clear-sighted step in advance in a field where men have been accustomed rather to look for timidity and temporising, for makeshifts and expedients. It has been the curse of Irish administration in the past that it has never been thorough, that repression and conciliation have alike been half done and therefore badly done; concessions, coming too late and deprived of all their grace by endless restrictions, have remained a dead letter, while repression just strong enough to irritate and dishearten and not strong enough to subdue has kept up a constant restlessness. The old Donnybrook rule, "when you see a head, hit it," has been consistently followed in Irish politics; "when you see a restriction, attack it," being a motto that has afforded a political livelihood to more than one generation of the permanent opposition in Ireland. We are, then, inclined to grudge none of the praise that has met the first Irish Secretary of our day who has seized his opportunity and has used it boldly.

The gist of the Bill may be given in a sentence: it abolishes the whole system of local government by nomination and selection, and places it definitely on a broad, popular basis. County government in the past, by Grand Juries and Presentment Sessions, has been purely a matter of selection; Poor Law Administration has been largely so, owing to relatively restricted franchise and to the presence of *ex-officio* guardians; in the towns there has been representative government of a kind, but, with the exception of Dublin, Belfast, and, recently, Londonderry, the franchise has been a restricted one. Selection and fancy franchises will now alike disappear. There will be County Councils, and the large towns will become County Boroughs. Below the County Councils there will be placed Urban District Councils and Rural District Councils, the latter also acting as Boards of Guardians. The members of these bodies will be elected on the Parliamentary franchise (with the addition of peers and women householders), and by single member districts—presumably the present electoral divisions—and on them will be conferred very wide powers over matters purely local—roads and bridges, asylums and poor-houses. The schools will remain under the control of the National Board, and the police under that of the Inspector-General, while the Congested Districts Board will doubtless continue its good work side by side with the County Councils in the Western districts. We do not see, indeed, why the Board might not ultimately be enlarged and strengthened, so as to become a real Board of Agriculture and Industries, empowered to act as a guide and stimulus to the local Councils in such matters as technical education, agricultural improvement, drainage, enlargement of holdings, and so forth.

It may be said that all these are "general" matters that might have been arranged by any doctrinaire politician sitting in London. It is when we come closer to the details of the scheme that we see how clearly Mr. Balfour, or Mr. Chamberlain, has grasped the situation. It would be impossible to follow him through these points, but one or two may be indicated. None of the criticisms that we have seen have touched on the substitution in Poor Law finance of "Union" rating for District rating, but it will be a great improvement. It was little less than a scandal that some desolate waterlogged stretch of bog and limestone in Mayo should have had, year after year, to face an absolutely unleviable rate struck in accordance with a law that seemed expressly designed to make the poor poorer, and to enable the comparatively well-to-do to escape with a relatively light burden. We have in mind a district of the Swineford Union in Mayo where some of the arrears of Mr. Morley's unhappy seed rate of 1886 are still unpaid, and many a fresh and



equally unpayable debt has been added by the regularly recurring years of distress that have supervened. In future the Union will be uniformly rated, so that something like "equality of sacrifice" will be the rule. Another excellent reform in the same direction is that by which the County Councils are to be empowered to take steps of their own accord, in conjunction with the District Councils, to meet exceptional local distress, the county at large bearing half the expense. There is a kindly feeling and insight, too, in the offer to bear half the salary of a trained nurse in such Unions as show some desire to improve the deplorable lot of the sick poor in too many workhouse infirmaries. One other point removes a real hardship that accompanied the great benefits of the Light Railways Acts. Under these, by a rough application of the "betterment" principle, certain baronies were made specially liable for a portion of the interest in cases where the railways did not pay their expenses, the result being that in some instances the unfortunate ratepayers have been mulcted to the extent of between two and three shillings in the pound from this cause alone—a circumstance which has done much to retard the extension of the system. In future, where in any case such rate exceeds sixpence, the Central Government will bear half of such excess.

The financial expedient by which this comprehensive and thorough-going Irish Reform Bill has been made acceptable to the Irish people is the plan, ingenious in its simplicity, explained by Mr. Arthur Balfour last year. Local rates in Ireland are a heavy burden—heaviest in the poorest districts, where they fall very largely on the landlord, the holdings under the £4 valuation outnumbering those above that valuation—and the reasonable objection of the landlords to popular local boards was that as in such cases the landlord would pay the rates and the tenants would control the expenditure, he would be "taxed out of existence" with a celerity and certainty that would satisfy even Mr. Sidney Webb. There was the further injustice that a person who had really ceased to be an owner in any sense recognised by English law, but had been turned into "a mortgagee with a bad security," should be rated as if his right of re-entry were undisputed. The Bill meets this difficulty by restoring the principle of rating the occupier only, so that the landlord shall no longer be rated either for poor rates or for county cess except for land in his occupation; and by the principle of the Agricultural Rating Act one half the rate will be defrayed directly or indirectly by the Imperial Treasury. Thus both landlord and tenant are relieved. The objection that the new authorities, relieved of half their burden, will promptly proceed to make things worse by spending twice as much as before, is met very neatly by the proviso that the Treasury half shall be a fixed quantity based on the expenditure of 1896-97, which is adopted as the normal year. The counties will thus get a fixed allowance. If they are extravagant they will feel the whole of the extra burden; if they are economical they will be doubly in pocket, for the Treasury half will still be forthcoming. In fact, if some county were to produce a financial or administrative genius who could cut down expenditure by one half, that happy county would apparently sit rate-free, and have the satisfaction of coming down on the Government for everything!

It is, we repeat, a bold and a statesmanlike scheme, and the nature of its reception gives us much hope for the immediate future of Ireland. The Nationalists, who are for the moment sick of dissension and agitation, will accept it greedily, and we are convinced that they will endeavour to work it efficiently and creditably, conscious that the eyes of England and Scotland are upon them. And the landlords? There Mr. Gerald Balfour showed himself conscious of danger, as Mr. Arthur Balfour had previously shown himself in a passage in his Manchester speech to which we called attention at the time. "Everything depends on themselves," he declared, and he invited them not to stand aside in sullen silence, but to play the more manful part, to come down among the people and regain that proper influence and weight which—nowhere more than in Ireland—a member of the "old stock" can almost always win for himself. Of course there are gloomy fanatics like Mr. Michael

Davitt who will try to spoil all this—there will be rebuffs at first, but we believe the time is ripe for the right people in Ireland to come to the front again. And, if some landowners dread the arrival in power of the *couche nouvelle sociale*, we may remind them that the clearest head and the bravest heart that Irish landlordism in this generation has produced, the late Arthur Macmurrough Kavanagh, looked forward with no lack of confidence to just such a Bill as this. The essential previous condition which he made—that the rates should fall on the occupier—has been met by the present Bill, and that being granted he said: "I believe that a large measure of Local Government ought to form a part of a future policy with regard to Ireland and should, so far as practicable, be on the same lines as for England and Scotland. . . . The desire of a capable citizen to have a direct voice in the control of purely local administration is in itself a healthy one, and should be rather encouraged than suppressed." Mr. Kavanagh knew when to withhold when the interests of his order, and of the country, were attacked, but he also knew when to give, and give courageously. It is a lesson that some Irish landlords seem wishful to forget.

#### SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

WITH this same key," says Wordsworth, in his famous sonnet on the sonnet, "Shakespeare unlocked his heart," an assumption which provoked from another poet, whom Shakespeare would not have disdained to own as a brother, the retort, "Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he." And Browning is not alone, and probably never will be alone, either in his deduction or in his scepticism. The problem presented in these sonnets is undoubtedly the most fascinating problem in all literature, and it is as exasperating as it is fascinating. It appears to be so simple, it appears constantly to be on the verge of its solution, and yet the moment we get beyond a certain point in inquiry, the more complex its apparent simplicity is discovered to be, the more hopeless all prospect of explaining the enigma. Take the difficulty of assuming, what seems to be obvious, that they are autobiographical. Here we have the poet, and that poet Shakespeare, admitting the world into the innermost secrets of his life, taking his contemporaries without the least reserve into his confidence, inviting and assisting them to the study of his own morbid anatomy, and, in a word, stripping himself bare with all the shameless abandon of Jean Jacques and of Cassanova. Everything that we know of Shakespeare seems to discountenance the probability of his having any such intention. No anecdote with the smallest pretence to authenticity couples his name with scandal. The theory which identifies him with the W. S. of Willobie's "Avisa" has no real basis to rest on, and without corroboration is absolutely inadmissible as evidence. Whatever Shakespeare's private life may have been, it is quite clear that he carefully regarded the decencies, and would have been the last man in the world to pose publicly in the character presented to us in the sonnets. If the poems are autobiographical, we can only conclude that they were published without his consent and even to his great annoyance. But even then it is, to say the least, curious that there should have been no tradition about the extraordinary story which they tell, especially considering the distinction of the *dramatis personæ*. Assuming that the youth who is their hero was a real person, he must have been conspicuous in the society of that time; assuming the rival poet to be a real person, he must have been equally conspicuous in another sphere, while Shakespeare himself, at the time the sonnets were published, was the most distinguished poet and playwright in London. It is, therefore, extraordinary that all traces of an affair in which persons of so much eminence were involved, and which would have furnished scandal-mongers with the topics in which such gossips most delight, should have entirely disappeared. We must either conclude that posterity has been very unfortunate in the loss of records which would have thrown light on the matter, or that Shakespeare's contemporaries knew nothing of the facts, and contented themselves with the poetry, or lastly that what we may call the fable of

the sonnets, the drama in which W. S., "the dark lady," and the rival poet play their parts, is as fictitious as the plot of "The Midsummer Night's Dream" or "The Tempest."

It is not my intention to support any of the numerous theories which pretend to give us the key to these sonnets, still less to propose any new one, but simply to show that the enigma presented by them is as insoluble as ever, and that all attempts to throw light on it have served to effect nothing more than to make darkness visible and confusion worse confounded. Let us briefly review the facts. In 1609, Thomas Thorpe, a well-known Elizabethan bookseller, published a small quarto volume entitled "Shakespeare's Sonnets," having apparently not obtained them from the poet himself, and to this volume was prefixed the following dedication:—"To the onlie begetter of these ensuing sonnets, Mr. W. H. all happiness and that eternitie promised by our ever-living poet wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth T. T." Here begins and ends all that is certainly known about W. H. and his relation to these poems. No one knows who he was, no one knows what is exactly meant by the word "begetter," whether it is to be taken in the sense of inspirer, whether that is to say W. H. is the youth celebrated in the sonnets—"the master-mistress" of the poet's passion, or whether it simply means the person who got or procured the poems for Thorpe, in which case the identification of the initials is of no consequence unless we are to suppose that the youth who inspired them presented them to Thorpe. Mr. Sidney Lee in his very able paper in the current "Fortnightly Review" argues that there is no proof that the youth of the sonnets was named "Will," though this has always been assumed to be the case. The evidence on which the point must be argued will be found in the puns on "Will" in Sonnets cxxxiv.—vi. and cxliii. It seems to me, I must own, that the balance of probability, though not certainly in favour of the affirmative decidedly inclines towards it. Granting then, for it is after all only an hypothesis, that the initials W. H. are those of the youth celebrated in the Sonnets, to whom are they to be assigned? The youth, whoever he was, is represented as being in a social position greatly superior to that of the poet; he has apparently rank and title, he has wealth, he is young and eminently handsome, his beauty being of a delicate effeminate cast, he is highly cultured and accomplished, he is on terms of the closest intimacy with the poet, by whom he is passionately beloved, he lives a free loose life, and he intrigues with his friend's mistress.

Passing by all preposterous theories about William Harte, William Hughes, William Himself and the like, we come to the two names which seem worth serious consideration, William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, and Henry Wriothesly, third Earl of Southampton. The Pembroke theory, with Mr. Thomas Tyler's corollary identifying the "dark lady" with Mary Fitton has been adopted by Dr. Brandes in his work on Shakespeare just published. But the difficulties in the way of accepting it are insuperable. They have been admirably discussed by Mr. Sidney Lee in the article to which I have referred. In the first place, there is no evidence at all that Shakespeare had ever had any other relations with a person with whom, if the Earl is to be identified with the youth of the Sonnets, he must have been on terms of more than brotherly intimacy, than the ordinary one of servant and patron. The words of Heminge and Condell in the dedication of the first folio to Pembroke and his brother merely state that they had both of them "prosequed" him with favour; in other words, been to him what they had been to many other dramatists and men of letters; and that is the only evidence of any connexion between Shakespeare and Pembroke. Tradition was certainly silent about any relations between them, for Aubrey, as Mr. Lee has pointed out, though he has collected much information about both, says nothing about their acquaintanceship, though he mentions Pembroke's connexion with Massinger, and Southampton's with Shakespeare. But Thorpe's dedication is conclusive against Pembroke. In 1609 Pembroke, who had succeeded to the title on the death of his father in January 1601, was Lord Chamberlain, a Knight of the

Garter, and one of the most distinguished noblemen in England. Is it credible that Thorpe would address him as Mr. W. H., more especially as in the other works which he inscribed to him, and he inscribed several, he is careful to give him all his titles and to address him with the most fulsome servility? Again, Pembroke, as Mr. Lee points out, was never a "mister" at all. As the eldest son of an earl he was designated by courtesy Lord Herbert, and as Lord Herbert he is always spoken of in contemporary records. The appellation "Mr." was not, as Mr. Lee observes, used loosely as it is now, and could never have been applied to any nobleman, whether holding his title by right or courtesy. Whatever allowance may be made for a poet's passion and fancy, some weight must be attached to the insistence made in the sonnets on the youth's delicate and effeminate beauty. It is true that we have no portraits of Pembroke before he arrived at middle age, but those portraits justify us in concluding that he could never at any time have been distinguished by beauty of the type indicated in the poems.

Against all this the advocates of the Pembroke theory have nothing to place but conjectures, a series of insignificant coincidences and the assumption that the woman in the sonnets is to be identified with the woman who bore Herbert a child, Mary Fitton. The publication of Sonnet xlv. by Jaggard, in 1599, shows that the intrigue between the youth and the dark lady, which is the central event of the sonnets, was already and had probably been for some time in full career, while there is no evidence that Pembroke was involved with Mary Fitton before the summer of 1600. But what finally disposes of this theory is the testimony afforded by Lady Newdigate—Newdigate's recently published "Gossip from a Muniment Room." An indispensable requisite in the lady of the sonnets is that she should be dark, a "black beauty" with "eyes raven black," with hair which resembles "black wires," and that she should be a married woman; but the portraits—and there are two of them—of Mary Fitton show that she had a fair complexion with brown hair and grey eyes, and that she remained unmarried until long after her connexion with Pembroke had ceased.

The theory which identifies W. H. with the Earl of Southampton is slightly more plausible, but the difficulties in the way of accepting it are in truth equally insuperable. This theory has at least one great point in its favour. Shakespeare was acquainted, and it may be inferred intimately acquainted with Southampton, as the dedications of "Venus and Adonis" and the "Rape of Lucrece" show. Of his affection and respect for this nobleman he has left an expression almost as remarkable as the language of the sonnets. "The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end. . . . What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours: being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater." This bears a singularly close resemblance to Sonnet xxvi.—

"Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
To thee I send this written embassage  
To witness duty, not to show my wit.  
Duty so great which wit so poor as mine  
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it."

And there is much in the sonnets which can be made to coincide with what we know of Southampton. But as we push inquiry, difficulties of all kinds begin to swarm in on us. The first is, as in the case of Pembroke, with the dedication. To say nothing of the fact that "W. H." is not "H. W."—the possibility of the appellation of "Mr." being applied to one who had been an Earl since 1581, and who had twice been addressed in dedications by his full titles, and that by Shakespeare himself, is a wholly inadmissible hypothesis. To argue that this was merely "a blind," is simply to beg the question. If the sonnets were addressed to Southampton, they must have been written between 1593 and 1598. In 1593 Southampton was in his twenty-first year, in 1598 in his twenty-sixth; Shakespeare, respectively, in his thirty-first and thirty-fifth year. Now what is especially emphasised in the sonnets is the youthfulness of the young man to whom they are dedicated and the advanced age of the poet. In Sonnet cviii. the youth is addressed as "a sweet boy,"



n cxxvi. as "a lovely boy," in liv. as "a beauteous and lovely youth;" in xcv. his "budding name" is referred to, while the poet speaks of himself as "old," as "beaten and chopped with tanned antiquity," as being "with Time's injurious hand crushed and o'erworn." And so, as has been more than once pointed out, we have this anomaly—a man of thirty-four describing himself as a thing "of tanned antiquity" in writing to "a sweet and lovely boy" of twenty-five. No one could have been less like the effeminate youth of the sonnets than Southampton. All we know about him, including his portrait, indicates that he was eminently masculine and manly. Again, it is matter of history that he greatly distinguished himself on the Azores expedition in 1597, acquitting himself with so much gallantry that during the voyage he was knighted by Essex. To this expedition, which must have involved one of those absences of which we hear so much in the sonnets, to this exploit and this honour, which afforded so much opportunity for peculiarly acceptable compliment, Shakespeare makes no reference at all. There is nothing to indicate that the youth of the sonnets had gained any military or political distinction, had taken any part in public life, or had ever been absent from England. With regard to the supposed references to Southampton's relations with Elizabeth Vernon, no certain, or, to speak more accurately, no even plausible inferences can be drawn in any particular; all that they can be reduced to are degrees of improbability.

The enigma of these sonnets is, we repeat, as insoluble now as it was when inquiry was first directed to them. Whether they are to be regarded as autobiographical, as dramatic studies, as a mixture of both, as a collection of miscellaneous poems, as written to order for others, or as mere exercises in the sonnet circle, is alike uncertain. Our knowledge of the time of their composition begins and ends with the facts that some of them were presumably in circulation in or before 1598, that two of them had certainly been composed in or before 1599, and that all of them had been written by 1609. The rest is mere conjecture; and on mere conjecture and mere hypothesis is based every attempt to solve their mystery. If certainty about them can ever be arrived at it can only be attained by evidence of which as yet we have not even an inkling. The probability is that it was Shakespeare's intention to baffle curiosity, and except in the judgment of fanatics he has certainly succeeded in doing so.

J. CHURTON COLLINS.

#### POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY.

WHEN the late Professor Owen alluded to one of the muscles in a bird's tongue as arising "from the junction of the basihyal with the urohyal," or declared that the parrots "have a single glottis bounded by a lateral pair of vibratile membranes," his object was evidently not to interest the man in the street. Yet the man in the street is perfectly capable of taking an intelligent interest in the structure and habits of birds, and, this being the case, it obviously devolves upon writers who understand both his jargon and that of the laboratory to tell him in simple fashion of the wonders that surround him, and of which he fain would know more. The learned gentlemen who live (at the public expense) in and about our museums take, I am fully aware, another view. To them, in their commendable contempt for the popular voice, the writer of what is known as "popular" natural history is necessarily a charlatan, a "bookmaker." They reckon not that their own exceeding valuable contributions to the proceedings of learned societies—gems of laboratory erudition peppered with wondrous Latin, mysterious abbreviations, dental formulæ and all the rest of their shop—are caviare to the multitude. They had far rather that the outside public should remain unenlightened than that their choicest works should be translated into everyday English for the everyday intellect, reduced to their lowest terms for the rabble by a band of quacks (some of them not even Oxford men!) calling themselves field naturalists. Suggest with all respect that Bates was in commerce, that Alfred Russel Wallace was a surveyor, Lamarck a soldier: it is useless; any slight contributions that these gentlemen may have made to scientific research have been arrived at in spite of (not owing to) their freedom

from the trammels of academic routine. Perhaps the very cultured are in the right. They have, at any rate, the means, of which they continue to avail themselves, of enforcing in a measure their exclusion of the public, for those portions of much of their literature that are not phrased in bad Latin are in English so execrable and unintelligible as to almost preclude all attempt at grasping what they really mean. But the general reader, that vague yet not unimportant member of the community, will have none of their gibberish. He will read of the wonders of nature, of her birds and her flowers, but he must have his pill gilded; the viscera and dry bones of the dissecting-room must, for the public eye, be clothed in reasonable attire. Hence it is that, in compliance with a never-flagging demand for popular science, our publishers are, with few exceptions, glad to "consider" works on light natural history, and there endure in consequence what Colonials would call a "boom" in this class of literature.

Of the learned works—from the pretentious monograph to the pride that apes humility in the Note on the second toe in *Laridæ*—I need take no further account beyond remarking that their aim is to cover as many pages as possible of impossible English and Latin on any peculiarly circumscribed subject (for instance, several hundred pages on the reproductive apparatus of a particular group of fishes, or the colour-pigment in a family of lice), with no illustrations except profusely lettered diagrams and an infinity of references to authorities, mostly in the German.

Of popular works, however, there are, as I have lately found, several distinct categories, and it may be interesting, without specialising either the books or their authors, to indicate some of the more striking characteristics of each. First and foremost, there is the religious style eminently suited to the rural vicarage and village library. It starts, as is only fitting, with "In the beginning," &c., and in the most modern phrase, and with every appeal to science, rebukes the sceptical for their backsliding. "Evidence of design," "Nature's forge," "the working out of mysterious ends"; these are among the trump cards played by the compilers of these works. Another favourite form for these sketches is that in which the beasts and birds are subordinated to the characteristic scenes among which (in books) they are to be found. Thus, a "delightful" book is in no time made up of half-a-dozen chapters on birds of the broads, dwellers on our house-tops, fowl of the foreshore, fen favourites, and the like. A word as to illustrations for the book of this class, for they are all-important. They must be eminently typical. That is to say, the chapter on fen birds should be headed with a bittorn booming (in broad daylight) in the foreground, with ruffs sparring on the left, and bearded tits and reed-warblers on the right. A skein of geese (season is no object) may pass swiftly across the sky-line. In yet a third class of popular natural history, I find the creatures of earth and air treated solely in their relation to agriculture and farming. The writers of these attractive narratives proceed, after a prolonged course of study, haughtily to upbraid the blaspheming, ignorant farmer who, poor boor, does not know that the Creator put all living things on earth (except, perhaps, wireworms) for his benefit, and that these animals were gradually perfected from crude and unserviceable toothed birds and aggressive reptiles, so as to be ready for the coming of the farmer. The illustrations for such a book are as obvious as its logic. They must, one and all, be didactic, not to say allegorical. Thus, a rook is seen tugging mightily at wireworms in the trail of the plough, while others can be seen approaching to help in the good work, piously shutting their eyes to some new-sown seed, over the attractions of which they are winging a short cut to the scene of action; sparrows and titmice are, in another presentment, dexterously removing noxious grubs from unbruised fruit; a hedgehog is seen protecting the good wife's chickens against a snake. It might well be thought that, with all the daily appearing works on birds, their song, their dwellings, their migrations, courtships, wars and plumage, the field would soon be exhausted; but I am convinced that there remain to the twentieth-century potboiler at least as many openings as have been enjoyed by his pre-

decessors. One writer has given us the natural history of the Bible; another, the birds of the poets; a third, the zoology of Shakespeare. Why not the zoology of modern fiction? Here is a gratuitous and delightful suggestion for some enterprising young lady at the British Museum reading-room: a critical examination of the views of Mr. Harold Frederic on woodchucks, Mr. Bram Stoker on "zoophagi" and vampire bats, Mr. Crockett on the raven, Mr. Black on seals and sea-fish, Mr. Hall Caine on bloodhounds, and Signor d'Annunzio on "devil-moths." As for illustrations, the personal and photographic elements should predominate; and who shall say what new lights might not be thrown on the study of animal locomotion by, say, a study of Mr. Frederic following his recalcitrant woodchuck among the upper boughs of a lofty tree.

Then, as we are promised, by way of a last rumbling echo of the jubilee epidemic, a "Birds of the British Empire," why not also a "Reptiles of the Victorian Era," or, if local fauna be preferred, a well worked out "Worms of Westminster?" No; the writer on natural history has still inexhaustible wells from which to draw knowledge to cheat the publisher and trouble the editor. And I have overlooked one of the most modern and most prevalent forms of the malady, the natural history of the chase. Now, it is a well-attested fact that your true English sportsman is, before all, a naturalist. He is no longer the illiterate slayer of defenceless creatures, but he goes forth with a keen delight in knowing the life habits and scientific names of those he is about, really for their own good, to kill. Does not the African hunter take as much interest in the health of his horse and dog and native servants as in the cleaning of his gun and drying of his ammunition? For the reading sportsman, then, there are whole libraries, in which the crude, sensational picture of twenty years back has given place to elegant tinted reproductions of photographs with no suggestion of murder. One of the very latest of these sporting zoologies comes to me from Vogel of Leipsig, and its author is an unpretending doctor of the name of Wurm. The title of the book under notice is "Naturgeschichte und Charakterschilderung der zur hohen Jagd gehörigen Thiere Mitteleuropas." English publishers may forbear to inquire about rights of translation, for a sporting work in which is no mention of either fox or hare would remain an unread apocrypha for the pious squire, whose creed is the Church, the State and the Fox; and even less hypercritical sportsmen in these islands might revolt at the admission of the eagle-owl and hazel-hen under the head of "big game," which I take to be the equivalent of "hohen Jagd." Nor can I love the gentle author for including the crane, ibex and kangaroo among his "useful" creatures, for the bird is an unmitigated thief among the grain, the beasts furnish the poorest of meat and spell the grazier's ruin; and all three have about as much right in a German fauna as the mouflon, to which place is also given. The book, which is the companion of the fireside, not of the open air, is, with this reservation, a charming one, though we fancy the author might regard a gun as a "nasty" thing, likely to go off and make a noise. While it could not, in the derogatory sense, be styled a compilation, its pages contain little that is new to readers of popular natural history. The ancients are dragged in at every loophole, and both Schiller and Goethe lend their poor support to their illustrious countryman. Thus, the elk is introduced with a half-sad play on the alliteration between the words elk and elegy! To the mysterious fallow deer we are brought by Elsa's "Woher die Fahrt? Wie deine Art?" The wild swan glides on the scene in a magnificent sentence of over a hundred words, in which are broached the family history of Leda and other "delicately improper stories." Schiller's "Die Kraniche des Ibycus" heralds in the crane. Lastly, a dialogue with a very mild "zugereister eifriger Sportman" opens the excellent chapter on the hazel-hen. The *bonne-bouche*, however, for readers in these islands is at the beginning of the concluding chapter on the snowy owl, in which Dr. Wurm quotes a countryman to the effect that in the Fatherland alone, as contrasted with the French and, still more, with the "kauderwelschenden" (gibbering) English, can we find the correct pronuncia-

tion of the dead languages, proof of which is open to any who care to listen to the seductive note of the owl, cuckoo, or turtle-dove, for these fowl, he says (overlooking the fact that they all have more than one common vowel-tone), give the one and only sound of the initial Latin *u*. There are strictures on British sport, which assumes startling forms as seen through German spectacles. "The English sportsmen," says our author, "know not the poetry of our method, but prefer driving and beating for their great autumn butcheries, slaughtering all the birds, irrespective of age or sex."

But I may not further prolong these heterodox remarks. I have given more than one suggestion for the benefit of the honest worker in the field of popular zoology, and I have endeavoured to show the German view of the art. The illustrations, by the way, in the last are admirable, and it might comfort Mr. Isaiah Williams, and mitigate the patriotic dolour of his next harangue to the Isles, to learn that, for half a dozen of the very best, the German publishers had to come to a well-known English photographer!

AYLMER POLLARD.

#### A FORGOTTEN WIREPULLER.\*

THE minor public characters of every age survive in separate individuality for a very little time. Many of the figures—often the noisiest of them—on the still crowded stage of only ten years ago are already shadowy; as the generation that knew them their faces die off, they fade away, and are sooner or later lost in the background of oblivion into which history recedes. The diligent student of the political history of the first half of this century, hearing the name of Francis Place, must look very closely, so slight has been the record of the man, before picking him out from the confines of darkness and identifying him. "Place? Place? Ah, yes, he was a friend of Bentham and James Mill, wasn't he? Took an active part in the Westminster elections of his day, and was known as the Radical tailor of Charing Cross? That's the man; Hume"—some way into the shadow himself by this time—"spoke very highly of him, and Robert Owen, with ludicrous exaggeration, described him as 'the real leader of the Whig party.' He died in 1854, and since then has faded out of knowledge." Some such thin vanishing ghost of a man has Place been to us for a generation. And now comes Mr. Graham Wallas, illuminating the history of the period with hitherto unknown facts; and in the light of them the scene shifts in the most astonishing way. The obscure figure in the background steps out to the front, the shadow becomes a personage of the first importance, and stands revealed, as Owen described him, as a real leader. Mr. Wallas has done his work admirably. His researches among the dusty records in the British Museum have evidently been most painstaking; many a stack of documents he must have sifted for single grains of new information; and in the result we have not only a vivid picture of a most interesting man, but a new light upon a period of English domestic history.

Place was the son of a Drury-lane sponging-house-keeper. He was apprenticed at fourteen to the breeches-making trade, and became a highly skilled workman. But at twenty-two he took an active part in a strike, and came under the boycott of the employers, he and his young wife tasting the dregs of life, pawning their scanty belongings, and suffering actual hunger—as inauspicious a start as could well be imagined for a career that was to make its mark upon the life of the time. Mr. Wallas takes us rapidly over these early years, with their resolute efforts for self-education in the face of difficulties, until at the age of twenty-seven Place decided to go into business for himself. "It is remarkable enough," he says, "that almost every honest journeyman is deterred for a long time, and some for ever, from making an attempt to get into business, lest he should be ruined, notwithstanding being ruined could only bring him back again to journey work." Place made his plunge in well-grounded confidence in his own business abilities, opened his tailor's shop at Charing Cross, and made money at it. He has some

\* "The Life of Francis Place." By Graham Wallas. London: Longmans.



delightful moralising at this stage on the life of a tailor with higher aims. "A man to be a good tailor should be either a philosopher or a mean cringing slave," he says, after describing how he had to dance attendance on his fashionable customers. As his books accumulated in the library at the back of his shop, and his circle of acquaintances widened among the thinkers of the time, he had to be very careful that none of his customers should "know anything of me except as a tailor." Some of them did, and left him. "Had these persons," he says, "been told that I never read a book, that I was ignorant of anything but my business, they would not have made the least objection to me. I should have been a fellow beneath them, and they could have patronised me; but to accumulate books and to be supposed to know something of their contents, to seek for friends, too, among literary and scientific men, was putting myself on an equality with them, if not, indeed, assuming a superiority; an abominable offence in a tailor. . . . The nearer a common tradesman approximates in information and manners to a footman, the more certainly will he please his well-bred customers." The electoral corruption of Westminster—the chief of the old scot-and-lot boroughs—roused him to indignation, and set him upon his first serious work of political organization. He brought together an independent committee of electors, which succeeded in returning Burdett in 1807, and became the recognised political authority in Westminster. All this time he was working hard at his shop and in his library, and by 1817 was in a position to hand the business over to his son, and settle down to the steady and persistent use of the knowledge and influence he had acquired.

From this point onwards the story is almost incredible, so complete a reversion is it of general opinion as to the men and movements of the time. Briefly, what Mr. Wallas asserts is that this practically unknown man, holding and seeking to hold no public office, with no other influence than that of his own tremendous industry and grasp of facts, carried on the government of the country to a large measure from the library at the back of a Westminster tailor's shop; that the men who figured before the public in this and that connexion were his puppets, and the measures with which their names were associated his measures. We are bound to add that the claim is presented in a convincing manner, that it is borne out by all the available correspondence and by documents innumerable, and that for the few statements upon which we are asked to take Place's own word alone there is a body of circumstantial corroboration that compels belief. "My own opinion," says Mr. Wallas with reference to such details, "formed after consulting independent evidence in newspapers and elsewhere for a large number of Place's statements, is that his accuracy on all questions of fact was most remarkable." It would be impossible even to enumerate the smaller matters to which he turned his attention. The repeal of the Combination Laws and the carrying of the Reform Act of 1832 were his chief accomplishments. The first of these, says Mr. Wallas, he "carried through single-handed"—a startling claim for a private citizen, but established beyond dispute. In the matter of the Reform Act, it was Place again who was mainly responsible for stopping the Duke of Wellington from forming an anti-Reform Government, breaking up the Lords' opposition, and securing the recall of Earl Grey. It would be unfair to Mr. Wallas to repeat his story of how these things were done. The reader must find it in these pages for himself, and he will confess that a more interesting chapter on the inner working of a political movement has not been written in recent years.

We can easily believe that Mr. Wallas has enjoyed his labour upon this book, for in his methods of work Place was a sort of early century Fabian Society. "The days of flowery oratory are over," said Lord Durham in a speech prepared for him by Place in 1832, "and the future belongs to him who will take the trouble to collect facts and has the capacity to draw correct inferences." Certainly Place took the trouble. In politics as in tailoring he was the shrewd man of business, with a hatred for frothiness that made the ranting Radicals regard him as a cowardly time-server

when he rebuked them for clutching at the moon and other unattainable objects. "In spite of his constant meetings with politicians and important persons, he seldom made friends with any of them. They were treated as persons engaged in business might have been, and just as his customers were invited to come into his shop, so his political associates were expected to come to his library. He consistently declined to call upon them at their own homes under any circumstances." He had his regular hours for callers, and if they wanted him they knew where to find him. "To those who wished to be better acquainted I said, You can be as much better acquainted with me as you please by calling here when you have anything to do for the public good in which I can in any way assist." And come they did, as men will come to a tailor or anybody else who happens to be stronger than themselves, with capacity for managing men, and a grip of the facts of any question at issue. His library was a political drill-shed, where ill-informed M.P.'s were taken firmly in hand, coached in their facts, supplied with material for speeches, and screwed up to the point of action. The public applauded the puppets; Place was contented to wind them up and keep them going. His contempt for the men whom he used was the large contempt of the man who knows for the empty person. "Nothing but an acquaintance with such men," he writes, "nothing but hearing from their own mouths the loose notions they entertain on almost all subjects, could convince those who only hear of them in connection with public matters how very little they know." And again, when some of them objected to his management of the Parliamentary committee of inquiry into the combination laws,—"'They would not be dictated to'—that is, they would not have the business put in a plain way by the only man who had made himself master of it in all its bearings, because he was not a member of the honourable house, nor even a gentleman. Thus does pride and ignorance, in all situations, from a committee of the honourable house to a chandler's shop in an alley, show itself in the same way, always absurd, always pitiful." Place evidently had no gift of prophecy, for he expected that electoral reform, and the responsibility of M.P.'s to public constituencies, would change all that, and allow none but intelligent and practical men to sit in the House of Commons. What would he have said could he have seen—or—(the reader may fill in the blanks to his liking; the choice is large, and front benches are not excluded) sitting there at the end of the century?

Of the glimpse we get of Bentham and his circle, with those dreadful children of James Mill grinding at Latin and mathematics at six every morning at the age of eight, and cheerfully going without their dinner for a mistake in a single word, of Lancaster and the education movement, and many other figures of the pre-reform days, there is no space to speak. We can only congratulate Mr. Wallas upon his discovery of such a subject, and Place upon the biographer who has restored him to an interested world.

#### A MILD WINTER.

OUR proverbial English habit of growling at the weather, whatever it may be, has had a grand opportunity this week. Here we were slipping through the winter in the most comfortable fashion, and congratulating ourselves upon having avoided any of its rigours for this time. Our old friend, the cuckoo, had been heard by a correspondent of the daily papers, whose word for it they may take who please; and the early flower and bird paragraphs were appearing in the usual way. We thought that we had caught winter napping for once. It was all over; there was nothing to do now but go smoothly through the lengthening days to June. We were hollowing before we were out of the wood, for of a sudden the wind has swept round to the north-east and the weather reports are all of snowdrifts and suspended train services and general shivering.

But the bitter weather of the past week has come barely in time to save us from a blighted summer. The damage done is already considerable, but it is trifling to what would have been had the unseasonable warmth lasted for another two or three weeks. As it is

these biting winds and severities of winter, making the sick man shiver and the healthy tingle with live blood to the finger-tips, are flowers and fruit and the beauty of the year in disguise. For vegetation was going the prodigal pace, lavishing upon February what was meant for May, and heading straight for the usual consequences of prodigality. The country parson will not be able to write his annual letter to the "Times" this year, announcing the appearance of the first primrose; for primroses have been flowering freely since Christmas. A pale border of them under my window here are regretting their rash anticipation of the calendar, for this morning's hailstorm has beaten and torn them to pieces. On the warm days of last week the bees were in the yellow crocus cups, and the air was humming with them as in June. The catkins were bursting and the little red stars pushing through the tips of the hazel buds. Our gardens were gay with white clumps of shepherd's flock and wallflowers in full blossom, and the tender new shoots of the rose bushes were inches long, with little red and bronze leaves smoothing out their ruffles in the sun. Most pitiful of all was it to watch the fruit-trees. The wonderful white and red of the apple blossom was still hidden securely in its woolly buds; but on pear and plum trees the threat of disaster was evident, for the brown leathery husks were bursting and the creamy under-sheath showing through. Here and there, by south walls and warm corners, they had ventured even further, and the knots of young unblossomed fruit had pushed through to their fate. We shall not gather that fruit this year. All this premature life was the preparation of a sacrifice for March and April. In another three weeks it would have been a spread feast for destruction. The first sharp night of frost, or two days' nipping north-easter, or ten minutes' pelt of hail—such as that which, three years ago, caught the beeches on the opening bud one April morning, and left them with their northern faces bare and blackened for the rest of the summer, blasted on one side and luxuriant towards the sun, a most curious appearance—would have wrecked our orchards. We need never expect to get over April without some of these visitations, and the anticipation of them is quite enough to chasten any rapture with which we might otherwise greet "Spring returning" before her due time. Spring in springtime is glorious, but in February she is more like a young woman going to an early drawing-room in a pretty flimsiness of millinery, with a pinched nose, a chilled bosom, and a bad cold in the head, or worse, to follow. She had better stay in for the present.

H.

## DR. PARRY'S LATEST "MASTERPIECE."

DR. PARRY is unfortunate in the possession of a few well-meaning friends distinguished neither for their strength of brain nor for their discretion. That foreign musicians judge him by the company he keeps is a small matter. It is more serious that Dr. Parry's injudicious companions and followers should contrive to make him ridiculous as often as he produces a new work. The art of "booming" a man must be carefully studied and practised with consummate skill; one cannot lightly say "Go to, I will boom this man and his oratorio or cantata or opera" and straightway raise such a whirlwind of gossip, blame and praise as to convince the public that the man and his opera or cantata or oratorio are the most significant things in God's creation. The "boom" artificial must either be completely successful or a ghastly failure, and if it fails, then woe to the subject of it: he becomes the laughing stock of a nation, or even of a continent. In Dr. Parry's case it has failed, failed miserably, and failed not once but half-a-dozen times. How indeed could it be expected to succeed, when one considers the gentlemen who undertook to "work" it, and the manner in which they worked it—when one considers also the gentleman on whose behalf it was to be worked? The pathetic simplicity of the game might easily move a sensitive man to tears. As each Parry "masterpiece" is produced we find precisely the same verdict in the journals which enjoy the inestimable services of the Parry elect. It runs thus: "Though there may have been wide differences of opinion with regard to every former

work of Dr. Parry, with regard to his latest production there can be only one opinion. It is an undoubted masterpiece and plainly proves Dr. Parry to be the greatest living English composer." Then follows half a column about Dr. Parry's "rugged strength," the "full, rich sonority secured throughout," &c., &c.; and the notice invariably ends with this touching piece of logic: "Dr. Parry is (of course) the greatest living English composer, therefore Dr. Parry is the greatest living English composer." This accomplished, the brethren of the Parry elect begin to quote one another; and they think all is done that can be done. Lately, however, the Eminent Programmist of Mr. Newman's concerts has "gone one better" in naïveté. In the programme of the Queen's Hall concerts on 19 February, when Dr. Parry's Hereford Magnificat was sung, I read that "writing of this Magnificat on the occasion of its production, the most eminent of living English musical critics remarked"—for what he remarked see above: it is the usual thing: "for once the entire press, as far as I saw, was in accord," &c., &c. Turning to the monthly paper from which this quotation was taken, I found the article to be an anonymous one; so I am not only quite in the dark as to whether the Eminent Programmist thinks Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones "the most eminent of living English musical critics," but am unable to discover whether the quotation carries any more weight than if it came, for example, from the pen of the Eminent Programmist himself. But if the Eminent Programmist has gone very far indeed, he has been beaten easily by the gentleman who does those pretty, bright, thoughtless, lady-like musical notices which the editor of the "Times" shoves away into dark corners, but which, nevertheless, when discovered are so justly admired at all the tea parties of Kensington. This gentleman made the astounding discovery—or perhaps Dr. Parry told him—that the principal theme of the Magnificat was the same as the phrase with which Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise begins and ends; he also discovered that whereas Mendelssohn's treatment was, to speak as the vulgar, piffing, Parry's was dignified, strong, rich, resonant, plainly proving Dr. Parry to be the greatest, &c., &c. Such are the games by which Dr. Parry has been made ridiculous for years by his friends, from whom he should certainly pray to be delivered.

For, truly, Dr. Parry is much too good and useful a man to be spoiled in this way. He is, as I know, an honest, amiable gentleman, willing to do much more than his fellow-Academics to help on the talented of the younger generation, unwilling, I am sure, to enter into any of those quaint ineffectual conspiracies to "keep out" any young man whose music may, for instance, have proved popular at the theatres. He has, in his way, distinct ability, and has turned out, it is rumoured, a fairly satisfactory principal of the Royal College of Music. Such a man should not be befooled in the public gaze, should not be told he is a great composer and encouraged to strut as though he were dressed in borrowed plumes when in truth he wears no plumes at all. For Dr. Parry has never yet written a bar that shows real invention, never a phrase that hints at his possibly possessing the real musical temperament. His music to "The Frogs," which I heard excellently performed under Mr. Terry at Leatherhead a year or two ago, showed energy and a sense of fun; his oratorios are tedious chains of dulness; his symphonies are bogs in which one finds oneself stuck helplessly before the first movement is ended. And this latest "masterpiece," the setting of the Magnificat (which "proves him to be the greatest," &c.), is no better, no fresher, no more beautiful, than the symphonies or the oratorios. On Saturday last I listened to it at Queen's Hall with considerable respect and all possible patience. It cannot be said that the performance was quite fair to Dr. Parry. The first movement was taken at much too high a pace; much more might have been done to save the soloist from the excessively thick and muddy orchestration; the soloist missed her lead at the finish. But, after all, Mr. Wood may be excused his mistakes: one can even sympathise with his very obvious desire to get the thing over as quickly as possible. The best one can say of the Magnificat is that it is either the exercise of an exceptionally



talented student, or an example, worked, as it were, on a blackboard before a large class, by a talented schoolmaster. When Dr. Parry's faithful servitor of the "Times" remarks on the weakness of Mendelssohn's handling of the noble Gregorian Magnificat intonation, he is to an extent justified. Its use at the beginning of the Hymn of Praise, and at the end, is magnificent—when it enters in the quicker movements later it suggests the late Mr. Tamplin's "Messiah" quadrilles, of which the "Hallelujah" Chorus forms the finale. But at the beginning Dr. Parry does not even turn the Magnificat theme into a polka or a waltz—he simply distorts it until it ceases to be a theme or anything more than an exceedingly common figure which is bandied about amongst the parts until the movement is considered long enough. The game is carried on with a fair amount of ingenuity; but there is not a pennyworth of originality shown. We have all heard the progressions before—most of them are as old as Bach and Handel; we have all heard the figure before—it also is as old as Handel and Bach; and the only justification for the use of ancient progressions and phrases—a new, modern beauty and the expression of a fresh emotion—is totally absent. When Dr. Parry has worked this to his heart's content he plunges into the giddy excitement of a gavotte in which we hear again and again a phrase which bears an unlucky likeness to a coster-song of Chevalier's. I have looked in vain for a true melody in the solo "Quia respexit humilitatem"—every bar is old, not a phrase has any beauty or carries an emotional meaning; the "Misericordia" is pleasant, and contains a very pretty solo violin part; the "Fecit Potentiam" is written in the old-world idiom, and is obviously an imitation of—or let me say an exercise in the manner of—such songs as "Rejoice greatly" in the "Messiah." The effect of the mass of choral tone in the "Suscepit Israel" is rather imposing, even if we have heard it a thousand times before; but the commonplace rum-ti-tum of the inevitable schoolmaster fugue "Sicut locutus" is past listening to with any patience. Compare the dignity, breadth, the gorgeous colour, the masterly placing of masses in any of Bach's or Handel's fugues—say the setting of the same words in Bach's Magnificat—with the mean hurry-scurry of this, and the difference may be felt at once between the master of a form, who uses the form as a means of saying something, and the imitator to whom the form is an end in itself. The theme is twaddle: it reminds one of Christ Church bells. Especially do I detest that modulation just before the return to the opening theme. It is rammed in recklessly, of course, partly to show that Dr. Parry is a modern, partly to force a climax which has been so long a-coming that one has quite given up all hope of it; and for both reasons it is bad.

But indeed the whole Magnificat is bad art, or rather, shows entire lack of art. Why should Dr. Parry wish to write Magnificats? Has he anything to add to what Bach has said, have the words helped him to perceive a new beauty which he can only realise, as it were in the concrete, in a setting of the words? If he really has felt anything new, he has lamentably failed to get his feeling into his music; if he has seen a new vision of beauty, he has just as lamentably failed to get that into his music. But my conviction is that Dr. Parry has not written his Magnificat under pressure of an impulse to do something new, to create or realise a new beauty. He resembles that common creature, the schoolmaster who thinks he can create literature because he is engaged all day in teaching the elements of grammar to little boys, or the critic of poetry, who at last comes to think he can write poetry; he has learnt to use the tools used by the masters and has yielded, naturally, to the desire to try handling the tools on his own account. There can be no objection to his doing this; but when his experiments, his school exercises, are hailed as masterpieces one must gently but firmly point out that they are not—one must point out that they are nothing more than school-exercises, academic experiments.

After the Magnificat last Saturday the incomparable loveliness of Mozart's G minor came as a joyful relief. Mr. Wood played it almost perfectly, though perhaps the deep, restrained emotion he got into the divine slow movement was the best point of the concert. J. F. R.

## SHAKESPEAR'S MERRY GENTLEMEN.

"Much Ado About Nothing." St. James's Theatre.  
Feb. 16 February, 1898.

**M**UCH Ado" is perhaps the most dangerous actor-manager trap in the whole Shakespearean repertory. It is not a safe play like "The Merchant of Venice" or "As You Like It," nor a serious play, like "Hamlet." Its success depends on the way it is handled in performance; and that, again, depends on the actor-manager being enough of a critic to discriminate ruthlessly between the pretension of the author and his achievement.

The main pretension in "Much Ado" is that Benedick and Beatrice are exquisitely witty and amusing persons. They are, of course, nothing of the sort. Benedick's pleasantries might pass at a sing-song in a public-house parlour; but a gentleman rash enough to venture on them in even the very mildest £52-a-year suburban imitation of polite society to-day would assuredly never be invited again. From his first joke, "Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?" to his last, "There is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn," he is not a wit, but a blackguard. He is not Shakespear's only failure in that genre. It took the Bard a long time to grow out of the provincial conceit that made him so fond of exhibiting his accomplishments as a master of gallant badinage. The very thought of Biron, Mercutio, Gratiano and Benedick must, I hope, have covered him with shame in his later years. Even Hamlet's airy compliments to Ophelia before the court would make a cabman blush. But at least Shakespear did not value himself on Hamlet's indecent jests as he evidently did on those of the four merry gentlemen of the earlier plays. When he at last got conviction of sin, and saw this sort of levity in its proper light, he made masterly amends by presenting the blackguard as a blackguard in the person of Lucio in "Measure for Measure." Lucio, as a character study, is worth forty Benedicks and Birones. His obscenity is not only inoffensive, but irresistibly entertaining, because it is drawn with perfect skill, offered at its true value, and given its proper interest, without any complicity of the author in its lewdness. Lucio is much more of a gentleman than Benedick, because he keeps his coarse sallies for coarse people. Meeting one woman, he says humbly, "Gentle and fair: your brother kindly greets you. Not to be weary with you, he's in prison." Meeting another, he hails her sparklingly with "How now? which of your hips has the more profound sciatica?" The one woman is a lay sister, the other a prostitute. Benedick or Mercutio would have cracked their low jokes on the lay sister, and been held up as gentlemen of rare wit and excellent discourse for it. Whenever they approach a woman or an old man, you shiver with apprehension as to what brutality they will come out with.

Precisely the same thing, in the tenderer degree of her sex, is true of Beatrice. In her character of professed wit she has only one subject, and that is the subject which a really witty woman never jests about, because it is too serious a matter to a woman to be made light of without indelicacy. Beatrice jests about it for the sake of the indelicacy. There is only one thing worse than the Elizabethan "merry gentleman," and that is the Elizabethan "merry lady."

Why is it then that we still want to see Benedick and Beatrice, and that our most eminent actors and actresses still want to play them? Before I answer that very simple question let me ask another. Why is it that Da Ponte's "dramma giocosa," entitled "Don Giovanni," a loathsome story of a coarse, witless, worthless libertine, who kills an old man in a duel and is finally dragged down through a trapdoor to hell by his twaddling ghost, is still, after more than a century, as "immortal" as "Much Ado"? Simply because Mozart clothed it with wonderful music, which turned the worthless words and thoughts of Da Ponte into a magical human drama of moods and transitions of feeling. That is what happened in a smaller way with "Much Ado." Shakespear shows himself in it a common-place librettist working on a stolen plot, but a great musician. No matter how poor, coarse, cheap and obvious the thought may be, the mood is charming,

and the music of the words expresses the mood. Paraphrase the encounters of Benedick and Beatrice in the style of a blue-book, carefully preserving every idea they present, and it will become apparent to the most infatuated Shakespearean that they contain at best nothing out of the common in thought or wit, and at worst a good deal of vulgar naughtiness. Paraphrase Goethe, Wagner or Ibsen in the same way, and you will find original observation, subtle thought, wide comprehension, far-reaching intuition and serious psychological study in them. Give Shakespear a fairer chance in the comparison by paraphrasing even his best and maturest work, and you will still get nothing more than the platitudes of proverbial philosophy, with a very occasional curiosity in the shape of a rudiment of some modern idea, not followed up. Not until the Shakespearean music is added by replacing the paraphrase with the original lines does the enchantment begin. Then you are in another world at once. When a flower-girl tells a coster to hold his jaw, for nobody is listening to him, and he retorts, "Oh, you're there, are you, you beauty?" they reproduce the wit of Beatrice and Benedick exactly. But put it this way. "I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you." "What! my dear Lady Disdain, are you yet living?" You are miles away from costerland at once. When I tell you that Benedick and the coster are equally poor in thought, Beatrice and the flower-girl equally vulgar in repartee, you reply that I might as well tell you that a nightingale's love is no higher than a cat's. Which is exactly what I do tell you, though the nightingale is the better musician. You will admit, perhaps, that the love of the worst human singer in the world is accompanied by a higher degree of intellectual consciousness than that of the most ravishingly melodious nightingale. Well, in just the same way, there are plenty of quite second-rate writers who are abler thinkers and wits than William, though they are unable to weave his magic into the expression of their thoughts.

It is not easy to knock this into the public head, because comparatively few of Shakespear's admirers are at all conscious that they are listening to music as they hear his phrases turn and his lines fall so fascinatingly and memorably; whilst we all, no matter how stupid we are, can understand his jokes and platitudes, and are flattered when we are told of the subtlety of the wit we have relished, and the profundity of the thought we have fathomed. Englishmen are specially susceptible to this sort of flattery, because intellectual subtlety is not their strong point. In dealing with them you must make them believe that you are appealing to their brains when you are really appealing to their senses and feelings. With Frenchmen the case is reversed: you must make them believe that you are appealing to their senses and feelings when you are really appealing to their brains. The Englishman, slave to every sentimental ideal and dupe of every sensuous art, will have it that his great national poet is a thinker. The Frenchman, enslaved and duped only by systems and calculations, insists on his hero being a sentimentalist and artist. That is why Shakespear is esteemed a master-mind in England, and wondered at as a clumsy barbarian in France.

However indiscriminate the public may be in its Shakespear worship, the actor and actress who are to make a success of "Much Ado" must know better. Let them once make the popular mistake of supposing that what they have to do is to bring out the wit of Benedick and Beatrice, and they are lost. Their business in the "merry" passages is to cover poverty of thought and coarseness of innuendo by making the most of the grace and dignity of the diction. The sincere, genuinely dramatic passages will then take care of themselves. Alas! Mr. Alexander and Miss Julia Neilson have made the plunge without waiting for my advice. Miss Neilson, throwing away all her grace and all her music, strives to play the merry lady by dint of conscientious gambolling. Instead of uttering her speeches as exquisitely as possible, she rattles through them, laying an impossible load of archness on every insignificant conjunction, and clipping all the important words until there is no measure or melody left in them. Not even the wedding scene can stop her:

after an indignant attitude or two she redoubles her former skittishness. I can only implore her to give up all her deep-laid Beatricisms, to discard the movements of Miss Ellen Terry, the voice of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and the gaiety of Miss Kitty Loftus, and try the effect of Julia Neilson in all her grave grace taken quite seriously. Mr. Alexander makes the same mistake, though, being more judicious than Miss Neilson, he does not carry it out so disastrously. His merry gentleman is patently a dutiful assumption from beginning to end. He smiles, rackets, and bounds up and down stairs like a quiet man who has just been rated by his wife for habitual dulness before company. It is all hopeless: the charm of Benedick cannot be realised by the spryness of the actor's legs, the flashing of his teeth, or the rattle of his laugh: nothing but the music of the words—above all, not their meaning—can save the part. I wish I could persuade Mr. Alexander that if he were to play the part exactly as he played Guy Domville, it would at once become ten times more fascinating. He should at least take the revelation of Beatrice's supposed love for him with perfect seriousness. The more remorsefully sympathetic Benedick is when she comes to bid him to dinner after he has been gulled into believing she loves him, the more exquisitely ridiculous the scene becomes. It is the audience's turn to laugh then, not Benedick's.

Of all Sir Henry Irving's manifold treasons against Shakespear, the most audacious was his virtually cutting Dogberry out of "Much Ado." Mr. Alexander does not go so far; but he omits the fifth scene of the third act, upon which the whole effect of the later scenes depends, since it is from it that the audience really gets Dogberry's measure. Dogberry is a capital study of parochial character. Sincerely played, he always comes out as a very real and highly entertaining person. At the St. James's, I grieve to say, he does not carry a moment's conviction: he is a mere mouthpiece for malapropisms, all of which he shouts at the gallery with intense consciousness of their absurdity, and with open anxiety lest they should pass unnoticed. Surely it is clear, if anything histrionic is clear, that Dogberry's first qualification must be a complete unconsciousness of himself as he appears to others.

Verges, even more dependent than Dogberry on that cut-out scene with Leonato, is almost annihilated by its excision; and it was hardly worth wasting Mr. Esmond on the remainder.

When I have said that neither Benedick nor Beatrice have seen sufficiently through the weakness of Shakespear's merriments to concentrate themselves on the purely artistic qualities of their parts, and that Dogberry is nothing but an excuse for a few laughs, I have made a somewhat heavy deduction from my praises of the revival. But these matters are hardly beyond remedy; and the rest is excellent. Miss Fay Davis's perfect originality contrasts strongly with Miss Neilson's incorrigible imitateness. Her physical grace is very remarkable; and she creates her part between its few lines, as Hero must if she is to fill up her due place in the drama. Mr. Fred Terry is a most engaging Don Pedro; and Mr. H. B. Irving is a striking Don John, though he is becoming too accomplished an actor to make shift with that single smile which is as well known at the St. James's by this time as the one wig of Mr. Pinero's hero was at "The Wells." Mr. Vernon and Mr. Beveridge are, of course, easily within their powers as Leonato and Antonio; and all the rest come off with credit—even Mr. Loraine, who has not a trace of Claudio in him. The dresses are superb, and the scenery very handsome, though Italy contains so many palaces and chapels that are better than handsome that I liked the open-air scenes best. If Mr. Alexander will only make up his mind that the piece is irresistible as poetry, and hopeless as epigrammatic comedy, he need not fear for its success. But if he and Miss Neilson persist in depending on its attempts at wit and gallantry, then it remains to be seen whether the public's sense of duty or its boredom will get the upper hand.

I had intended to deal here with the O. U. D. S. and its performance of "Romeo and Juliet"; but "Much Ado" has carried me too far; so I must postpone Oxford until next week.

G. B. S.



## MONEY MATTERS.

THE week has been one of the worst the Stock Exchange has experienced for a considerable time. After a period of somewhat prolonged dullness a variety of depressing influences followed each other in rapid succession. In the previous week the "Maine" explosion had caused a feeling of general uneasiness. Then on Friday night came Mr. Chamberlain's sensational statement in the House of Commons with regard to the situation in West Africa. The war of rates amongst the American railways for the purpose of obtaining the biggest share of the Klondyke traffic upset the American market, whilst a dull tone had already overspread the South African market on account of the dismissal of Chief Justice Kotze. The fact that the end of the month settlement was at hand did not improve the position. No wonder that with all these depressing influences at work the Stock Exchange fell suddenly into a condition bordering upon panic. The Money Market was least affected, although a distinct hardening was perceptible on Monday and Tuesday. The effect upon Consols was only a little more noticeable. On Friday they fell  $\frac{1}{4}$ , on Saturday another  $\frac{1}{4}$ , and on Monday  $\frac{1}{4}$  again. On Tuesday, however, the state of affairs improved and consols rose  $\frac{1}{4}$ , thus regaining nearly the whole of their previous fall. The very slight variation in Consols is in itself sufficient proof that no one seriously anticipated war, and after Lord Salisbury's statement on Tuesday afternoon on the West African situation, the scare was definitely at an end. General prices have not yet wholly recovered from the shock they received, but at any rate it may be assumed that the miniature panic is at end.

Home Railways were seriously affected by the scare. The settlement showed a decline of 3 points in Brighton Preferred and Great Northern Preferred Ordinary; Brighton "A's" fell  $2\frac{1}{2}$  and Dover "A's"  $2\frac{1}{4}$ . The two exceptions to the general decline were Great Easterns and New Central London. It is now many months ago since we drew the attention of our readers to the admirable prospects of the former Company. The shares were then at 117; now they stand at about 132, and during the last dismal account they rose a point and since the settlement have risen still further. The policy pursued by the management of this Company does not aim at producing big dividends; it seeks instead to assure the future of the undertaking by paying largely for capital expenditure out of revenue, a plan which is adopted by the best American railways. Central London fully paid shares rose  $\frac{3}{4}$  on the account. It needs only to walk down Oxford Street and Holborn to realise the enormous possibilities which lie before this new undertaking, and investors can scarcely make a mistake in purchasing its shares at the present market quotation. The traffic increases of the week have been generally satisfactory, ranging from £6630 in the case of the Great Western to £1167 on the Great Northern.

American Rails have not yet recovered from the shock inflicted upon them by the blowing up of the "Maine," and the general timidity of the market accentuated the dull feeling. Now, however, since the "Maine" incident and the West African affair may both be considered as closed, a speedy revival may be looked for in this department. Canadian Pacifics have suffered severely during the slump, having fallen 6 points on the account. The Canadian Pacific has been unfortunate of late. Scarcely had it settled down to make large profits out of the Klondyke rush than a number of United States lines began to lower their rates, despite an agreement which had been in force for many years. According to this agreement the Canadian Pacific Company is entitled to accept fares for the Pacific passenger traffic several dollars lower than the other companies. Quite naturally, when the war of rates commenced and the Canadian Pacific was threatened not only with the competition of the United States lines but also with that of the Grand Trunk of Canada, it was obliged to reduce the through rates still further in mere self-defence. The market is now, however, inclined to take a more cheerful view of the position, and it is hoped that a working agreement amongst the lines concerned will be arrived at before long.

The Industrial Market suffered along with the rest, and the prices of most shares sagged considerably. Welsbachs, so active a short time ago, whilst maintaining the greater part of their recent improvement, have settled down again into a state of dullness. The flotation during the week of a separate Company to take over the rights of the newly invented mantle for use with oil lamps came rather as a surprise to the market, which had reckoned the new invention as one of the factors justifying the recent large advance in Welsbach shares. If the same course is taken with regard to the newly invented electric incandescent lamp, the prospects of the Welsbach Company will not look nearly so bright, since its own special patents have not now very many years to run. Until something more is heard with regard to the new lamp, Welsbach shares had better be left severely alone. Electric-light shares were the firmest in this market during the week. Recent dividend declarations have shown that the electric-lighting industry is making rapid progress, and the shares of the best companies are eagerly sought after as permanent investments. The prices of most of them are indeed approaching the level of railway and other solid securities of the industrial class, which only return  $2\frac{1}{2}$  or 3 per cent. to the investor. The St. James's and Pall Mall Company's shares seem to be just now the cheapest in the market, since they yield at their present price rather more than  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. City of London shares yield about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., Westminster  $3\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., whereas Charing Cross and Strand give not quite  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

Kaffirs had the worst time of all through the scare, for in addition to the general influences depressing the whole market there was here the dismissal of Chief Justice Kotze to frighten the bulls. The result was a general fall in values, and although there has already been a considerable recovery, confidence has not been by any means completely restored. Now, however, is the time for any one with an itch to speculate in mining shares to buy on the most favourable terms, for prices in the South African market have not been at so low a level for some time past. Rand Mines as usual suffered most from the depression. At the mid-monthly settlement they carried over at  $33\frac{1}{2}$ , having previously been as high as  $34\frac{1}{2}$ , but on Monday last they had fallen to  $30\frac{1}{2}$ . They have since recovered slightly, but with the many and various influences at work in the market it is only possible to say that they are worth a great deal more than their present price, and that in the long run they are certain to approach more and more closely to their real value. The shares which suffered most after Rand Mines were Robinson Deep, which fell  $1\frac{1}{2}$  on the account, and Ferreira, which fell  $1\frac{1}{4}$ . Crown Reef, on the other hand, actually showed a rise of  $\frac{1}{4}$  on the account, the only other Transvaal shares which had this good fortune being the Spes Bona and Van Ryn.

The attacks on the deep levels are being continued with much energy but little judgment in various quarters. Accusations of falsifying accounts in order to show a big profit, of picking the eyes out of the mines with the same object, are being made with great recklessness but no proof. But all the same the deep levels go on justifying themselves in the eyes of their shareholders by the excellence of their results. There is an instructive comparison to be made between the returns for January of the three last deep levels which have started operations. The Rose Deep has been at work for about six months, and in January it made a profit of almost exactly £16,000. The value of the yield per ton was £2 5s. 8d., the working costs £1 4s. per ton, and the profit per ton was therefore £1 15s. 8d. The Crown Deep has now been at work for seven months, but with 180 stamps at work against the 100 of Rose Deep, it only made £1000 more profit in January than the latter mine. The value of the yield per ton was only £2, the working costs were £1 4s. 8d., and the profit per ton was only 15s. 5d. These results certainly seem extraordinary when it is remembered that the Crown Deep Mine is working the same reef from which the outcrop mine is making a profit of from £1 8s. to £1 10s. per ton, and that a large part of the claim area of the

Crown Deep is situated to the south of the Bonanza and the Robinson Mines, the two richest undertakings in the Transvaal. We have reason to believe, however, that the February crushing will show a return more in harmony with the results obtained from the outcrop mines. The Nourse Deep has only been at work since November, and its working costs are naturally still high. In January they were £1 12s. per ton, the value of the yield was £2 13s. per ton, and the profit per ton therefore £1 1s. The Henry Nourse Mine, the corresponding outcrop undertaking, makes a profit of over £2 per ton, but this result is only attained by crushing 86 per cent. of the rich south reef, leaving the poorer ore to be worked when industrial conditions are more favourable. It may therefore be concluded that the deep-level mine is being worked more evenly than the outcrop, and that the ore crushed is a fair average of the contents of the mine.

In the Westralian section, thanks to Mr. Bottomley and his Northern Territories, there has been a remarkably firm tone. "Terrors" seem to be still on the upward path, and it seems as if the prediction that they will go to 5 before they stop is about to be verified. Mr. Bottomley must be a proud man at the thought that when all else was at the bottom of the valley of depression his undertakings were merrily climbing the heights. The odd thing about it, of course, is the fact that no one else seems quite to know why any one is buying Northern Territories. No details have as yet been made public with regard to the properties except the general statement that there have been rich finds in the workings abandoned by Chinamen who were unable to cope with the water difficulty. However Mr. Bottomley knows and he has had the field pretty much to himself, with Mr. Moreing away and Mr. Whittaker Wright in the throes of amalgamation.

In his book on the work of England in Egypt, Mr. (now Sir) Alfred Milner, then but recently retired from the post of Under-Secretary for Finance in Egypt, declared that "the most successful, the most creditable, the most unquestionably useful of all the services rendered by our country to Egypt, have been connected with this vital problem of water." But he went on to say that the work done, great as it was at that time, would remain incomplete without the construction of a reservoir, for the purpose of regulating the vagaries of old Father Nile. His hope that this completion of the work of England in Egypt would be carried out under British direction is now fulfilled. It was announced on Monday that the Khedive has approved a contract with Messrs. John Aird and Co. for the construction of a great reservoir at Assouan. The work is to be completed in five years, and is to be paid for by annual instalments of £160,000 sterling, extending over thirty years. Sir Colin Moncrieff estimated the necessary cost of the reservoir at £2,600,000, but Sir Alfred Milner stated even if it cost £5,000,000 it would bring a net profit to the country at least ten times as great as its cost.

Oddly enough, the archaeologists have been the most formidable obstacles to the undertaking of this most necessary work. The proposed reservoir at Assouan, if of the dimensions at first proposed, would have submerged the beautiful temples at Philae. The site seems to be without a doubt the best one possible, but some three years ago a furious controversy raged between the lovers of antiquity and the prosaic engineers. Now a compromise has been arranged, and the level of the water is to be some sixteen feet lower than originally proposed. Ptolemy's temple to Isis is therefore saved for the time being, yet Egypt will have sufficient of the precious water to fertilise her fields for many a year to come.

#### NEW ISSUES.

##### THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH.

The Edison Phonograph flotation is the feature of the immediate future in the world of company promotion. People do not generally recognise as yet that the phonograph will one day be as essential an office accessory as the telephone or the typewriter: but the

new types of machine which are now on view at Edison House seem to point in that direction. Whereas hitherto it has only been possible to hire a machine on a three years' contract, involving an expenditure of over forty pounds, it is now possible to buy a phonograph outright for five sovereigns. If anything will popularise Mr. Edison's invention, and give the Edison-Bell Company a wide field in which to operate, it will be this sensible reduction in price. The new developments do not end here, however. They include an automatic instrument, actuated by a clockwork arrangement which depends for its activity upon the proverbial penny placed in the proverbial slot. Whether the slot machine, which will shortly make its presence apparent at most places of public resort, will be altogether a joy for ever is not quite certain. But that it possesses great potentialities in the way of amusement for the masses, and that it will be remunerative from the Edison-Bell point of view, seems fairly clear. ●

##### BRIGG HAULAGE.

The object of the Brigg Horse Haulage Appliance Company, Limited, is to acquire a patent which is said to markedly minimise the draught in connexion with horse haulage, and for which the inventor claims that it will revolutionise the present system. The promoters have wisely obtained the services of such experts as Lord Lonsdale, Lord William Beresford and the Past-President of the Royal Veterinary College, London, as directors of the Company. The invention consists of a simple lever appliance acting on the shafts and fore-carriage of the vehicle, and is altogether so simple and obviously effective that one can only wonder that it was not thought of before. With the prospectus are published testimonials from well-known firms, including Messrs. Whitbread & Co., brewers, Messrs. Hudson Brothers and others, as well as favourable expert opinion. The capital of the Company is £75,000 in £1 shares and the present issue consists of 50,000 shares. The purchase price has been fixed at £50,000 payable as to £25,000 in fully paid shares, £12,500 in cash and the balance in cash or shares.

##### SCHIBAIIEFF PETROLEUM.

In looking through the prospectus of the Schibaieff Petroleum Company, Limited, one finds the first question that suggests itself to the man of business unanswered. Why is this private enterprise, said to be prosperous and thriving, to be sold to a public company? Why should a limited number of Russian business people be anxious to share their profits with the English investor? It is a moot point of which an adequate explanation would tend to make one more favourably disposed to the issue. What makes it especially important to have a little light thrown on the matter is the fact that the vendors are taking the fat sum of £640,000 for the old Company, the share capital of which was only £265,000. Even more significant is the statement that they will try and get no less than £620,000 of this in cash, a substantial haul for the wealthiest group in Christendom. The share capital of the new Company is £750,000 divided into 75,000 six per cent. cumulative preference shares of £5 each, and 375,000 ordinary shares of £1 each.

##### ERA INCANDESCENT.

The "Era" Incandescent Oil Lamp Company intends to work in harmony with the Welsbach people, the latter having acquired the exclusive rights for Great Britain and Ireland at a royalty. The intention of the "Era" Company is not to manufacture on its own account, but merely to deal with patents by way of royalty or sale. The capital is consequently not large, being £60,000 in £1 shares. The purchase price is substantial, £50,000, being payable as to £20,000 in cash, £10,000 in fully paid shares, and the balance in cash or shares.

##### LUNDY GRANITE.

The Lundy Granite Quarries, Limited, is a small concern, with the modest capital of £30,000 in £1 shares. The object is to take over from Charles Pinn, surveyor, of Exeter, a lease granted by the owner of Lundy Island, in the Bristol Channel, for twenty-one



years, with the option of extending it for another twenty-one years. Mr. Pinn, who will join the directorate after allotment, is to receive £5800 for the lease, of which £4600 is to be paid in ordinary shares of the Company. Testimony is borne to the excellent qualities of the granite in Lundy Island.

#### WEST AUSTRALIAN GOLD AND SHARE PRODUCTION.

The history of gold-mining in its broader outlines is the same all the world over. First comes the excitement of the discovery of the new field; rich alluvial is found; the nomad population of diggers is attracted. The type of miner who went from California to New Zealand, and left Broken Hill for Ballarat, and Ballarat for Coolgardie, is this month leaving Kalgoorlie, to start from Perth in a steamer that is chartered to leave there on the 27th for the Klondyke. After the alluvial has been worked comes the reef mining; and we hear of mother lodes having been struck. One or two companies erect machinery, obtain magnificent results, and pay large dividends. The attention of the investing and speculative public is attracted; likewise that of the company promoter. Then comes the company boom. The first companies are brilliantly successful, some even to the surprise of their promoters, as in the case of the Great Boulder in West Australia. The growing enthusiasm of the speculative public is only equalled by the audacity of the promoter. "The well-known mining expert" appears, ready to write glowing reports for the buyers of properties who have their deposit money ready to put down. Though water may be scarce on the fields, champagne at 25s. a bottle is plentiful.

The managers of the big syndicates are busy bringing out prospectus after prospectus. The public keep the market going, and prices go on rising for a time, but then signs of a reaction set in. Some big collapse like that of the Londonderry gives a nasty shock to the market. The big men lend a helping hand for a while to keep things going. Some of these jugglers find they have started tossing more balls in the air than they can manage. Then comes the slump and properties glowingly reported on by the "eminent experts" in West Australia are found to be useless for any possible purpose except perhaps as stud farms for sand flies.

In proportion to the intensity and excitement of the boom is the duration and severity of the depression which follows. Many companies die and are interred by the liquidators. The lives of some are prolonged for no other reason than that they have sufficient working capital left to pay directors' fees, and then once a year for a couple of years, groups of guinea pigs, with moulting fur coats, swarm around Winchester House and hold the dreaded annual meeting, fixed as near as possible to the afternoon of Christmas Eve. But genuine mining goes on all the same, and in the long run the good mines survive. Some are brought along quickly by a really capable manager, others by a strong board composed of business men, others, in spite of the incompetence of board and manager, by the wonderful richness of the mine itself, like several we could name in West Australia.

The only people who are always abjectly useless in a mining company are the shareholders. They exhibit about the same amount of unity and force of action as a school of jelly-fish. There are a dozen or twenty West Australian companies at the present moment managed by boards with a financial ability that would bring immediate and disgraceful bankruptcy on the proprietor of a coster's cart, yet the shareholders remain silent. They never dream of calling a meeting to turn out the directors, and give the mine at least a fair chance; and probably in a report of the next meeting we shall read that "the usual cordial vote of thanks was passed to the board." But mining in West Australia, generally speaking, is now happily entering on the third stage of development—the business stage. Ceasing to be a wild speculation, it is becoming a solid industry, which will prove richly profitable to those investors who bring to bear the same carefulness and prudence in the selection of their investments in this market as they would do in any other case. The difficulty of obtaining absolutely reliable information is one of the chief obstacles. The directors of West

Australian mining companies should follow the example set by the better class of South African mines, and from time to time, but as frequently as possible, publish statements of their mining accounts.

The return of gold won from the mills is insufficient in itself without also giving the cost of milling and miping. At Menzies, for instance, the hard ground, narrow reefs, and indifferent water supply discount considerably the magnificent 3 oz. to 6 oz. crushings which we see published, whereas there is a mine in the Coolgardie district, owned by a Colonial company, that is paying regular dividends on less than 10 dwts. Information as to working expenses should be, and as a rule is, readily obtainable by shareholders who take the trouble to make inquiries, and where such information is denied by the officials of a company the shares, as a rule, had better be left severely alone. Those who have friends on the fields should seek information through them. With scarcely any exceptions the mine managers of West Australia are only too pleased to show visitors over their mines, and give any information required.

Sir Bartle Frere a short time ago said at a meeting that in America and the Colonies people "invest in mines and speculate in railway stocks." The difficulty of obtaining reliable information is certainly one of the principal reasons why the reverse is the case in this country. If this difficulty could be overcome West Australia would offer a splendid field for the profitable investment of English capital. There is no doubt that gold is there and is spread over an immense tract of country. Fields as rich and possibly richer than Hannan's will probably be proved within the next few years. As it is, the development of the gold-mining industry in the colony has proceeded much more rapidly than in the early days of South Africa, and the two and a half millions sterling won last year are small in comparison with the assured production of the future.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HARRINGTON (Bromley).—Hold your Harvey Steel shares. With the revival in the engineering industry they are likely to recover very soon. The Henry Nourse shares are also good to hold. The profits for January show a further decrease, but they are likely to be considerably augmented in the near future, as a slimes-plant is being erected and twenty extra stamps are being added to the mill. The larger mill will also permit more of the poorer ore in the mine to be crushed without affecting the profits, so that the chairman's estimate of the life of the mine as thirteen years will be well within the mark. The total dividends paid in 1897 amounted to 125 per cent., and after allowing for a sinking fund at 3 per cent. to replace the capital invested when the mine is exhausted, this is equivalent to a net return at the present price of about 8½ per cent. per annum. As you bought the shares last year, on our recommendation, at a lower figure, you have a good investment, the better because the average profits for the past six months have been at the rate of nearly 160 per cent. per annum, or a net return at the present price, after allowing for amortisation, of 12 per cent. In well-informed quarters it is expected that dividends of 200 per cent. will shortly be earned, equivalent at the present price to a net return of more than 16 per cent. to the investor.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### "THE UNBENEFICED CLERGY AND THEIR GRIEVANCE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 February, 1898.

SIR,—In your article on the above subject in your issue of to-day's date you say "the obligation to maintenance is further apparent from the form of title given by the incumbent, without which none can be ordained: 'And I do hereby promise and engage with your lordship and the said C.D. that I will continue to employ the said C. D. in the office of curate in my said church until he shall be otherwise provided with some ecclesiastical preferment.'" I do not know whence you derived your copy of the form of title given by incumbents, but the above sentence is not to be found in the form of nomination to an assistant curacy as given in the "London Diocese Book," 1898, nor in the form of nomination given in Blunt's "Book of Church Law," as revised by Sir Walter Phillimore, 1873, nor do I remember ever to have seen it in any form of nomination given during the last thirty-seven years. I am sure you do not wish to overstate your case, and venture

therefore to send you this correction of the above statement.—I am, yours faithfully,

VICAR.

#### ABOUT "THE CANON."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The retort of the author of "The Canon" has called my attention to the fact that a sentence indiscreetly inserted in the proof of my review of that remarkable book suffered in the hands of the printer, and "nephridia" twice became "neplindia." I suppose my handwriting was to blame. The rest of the retort scarcely matters.

H. G. WELLS.

#### "NOT A SCHISMATIC."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Gartmore, 22 February, 1898.

SIR,—A lady having taxed a certain Scotch laird (old style) with having made her husband drunk the night before, the laird answered, "Na, na, madam; I made nothing but the punch."

This is my position at the present moment with reference to a book called "The Canon," to which I contributed a preface.

Certain reviewers, out of the love and affection they bear me, impute to me the authorship of the book.

As nearly every week brings a review, hinting, more or less obscurely that I threw the thing off (there are about five hundred pages, and the book teems with notes and with intricate calculations) to amuse my leisure moments in the Atlas mountains, I now wish to state that I did not write "The Canon," and made nothing of it but the preface.

I refuse to be arraigned for other people's sins, even of genius, and I should like to make it plainly understood that the "Canon" has not been yet reviewed on its merits.

Why should reviewers sedulously ignore the main arguments of the book and devote themselves to picking holes in the grammar, the punctuation, and other things in a book? (Do they require proof? for it is forthcoming if asked for.) The greatest writers now before the public are not impeccable.

For myself, I also wish to state that I am a Church and State man, taking my religion (as an honest citizen) as it is provided for me by the constitution of these realms, that is, being an Anglican in England, a Presbyterian in North Britain, and professing my entire willingness to be an Obi worshipper in Jamaica should my spiritual pastors see fit to establish that form of worship in our West Indian possessions.—I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

#### REFORMS IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hotel du Parc, Locarno, 7 February, 1898.

SIR,—The whole progress of the reforms in our British Army system, first inaugurated by the late Lord Cardwell five-and-twenty years ago has been on wrong lines and in the wrong direction. The two chief features of Lord Cardwell's scheme were the establishment of a Reserve, and of a system of Foreign Reliefs by Linked Battalions. Both of these measures are in direct contravention of cardinal principles of military organization. Firstly, a reserve system cannot be worked to advantage along with a system of recruiting by voluntary enlistment. The Continental reserve system is the natural outcome and corollary of universal compulsory service. When 200,000 recruits join the colours every year, it is necessary, in order to make room for them, to pass the same number of trained soldiers into the reserve.

But Lord Cardwell managed to persuade John Bull that he could eat his cake and have it too; that he might enjoy the advantage of a reserve without paying the corresponding penalty. Our reserve system is the exact opposite of the German one; we pass our trained soldier into the reserve first, and then go into the open market to find a recruit to replace him, and when we cannot find a man, we enlist a boy. If a European war broke out to-morrow, the bulk of our reservists would come back to the ranks to take the place of an equal number of boys physically unfit to stand the hard work of a campaign.

Secondly, the same corps cannot serve the purpose of active service troops and dépôt troops at one and the same time. Yet this is what our scheme of foreign reliefs by linked battalions tries to accomplish. True, the scheme has never had a fair trial, for the War Office has allowed it to break down for want of its most essential condition, an equality between the number of battalions serving abroad and at home. But it is a radically vicious system, and it keeps one-half of our army in a state of continuous inefficiency. The Duke of Wellington's old system, under which each battalion serving abroad had a dépôt of two or more companies at home to supply its waste, was preferable. It was more elastic than the present system. Under it we had 100 single-battalion regiments of infantry of the line.

It is another axiom of military science that it is easier to add to existing cadres than to create new ones. We had formerly 100 single-battalion regiments; we now have 67 double-battalion regiments. In the event of a European war we should require at least 300 infantry battalions of the line, or double our present number. Under the old system we could always increase our army indefinitely by adding a second and a third battalion to the existing regiments. Under the new territorial organization there is no room for making any addition to the strength of our infantry except by the raising of fresh regiments. Under the old system we had 100 battalions in a high state of efficiency; under the new system we have 140 battalions, half of which are in a state of disorganization, owing to their having to serve as dépôts for the remainder.

This hand-to-mouth system of robbing Peter to pay Paul has just been extended to our cavalry. It must break down utterly in case of war, when we should want every regiment and battalion that we could put into line, and could no longer make shift to get along by depleting one corps to complete another. "Si vis pacem para bellum."—I remain, Sir, yours sincerely,

F. H. TYRRELL, Lieut.-General.

#### OLYMPIAN FOOD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 Pembroke Road, Kensington, W.  
18 February, 1898.

SIR,—Can Mr. F. G. Aflalo say if the tiger referred to in his article, "Olympian Food" has ever been actually weighed? Or is it possible that "three pounds short of eight hundred pounds" is a misprint for six hundred? The heaviest tiger of which I can find record is one of six shot by Captain Hunter of the Seaforths in the Central Provinces, whose dimensions are given by him in the Bombay Natural History Society's "Journal." I quote from his account:—

"Our weighing machinery consisted of a circular-faced Salter's spring balance, indicating from 100 to 500 pounds, but the expansion of the spring was not checked in its case until it recorded 513 pounds, beyond which it could not move: besides this, we had a smaller fisherman's spring balance weighing up to fifty pounds." I need not tax your space with all the measurements. Tigers Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 6 weighed 486, 428, 448 and 420 pounds respectively, No. 2 being described as "a very stout tiger, only 8 feet 7 inches long." The two remaining, No. 1 and No. 4 were the heaviest, and of these Captain Hunter writes:—

"No. 1 tiger was the first one we shot a day or two after getting to our ground, and unfortunately I did not know where I had packed the fifty pound spring balance, so we did not get his true weight. The larger machine was right down to 513 pounds, and I calculated I put a lifting pressure of from fifteen to twenty pounds before it moved back. I should say he weighed full 525 to 530 pounds. No. 4 was the most enormous tiger I ever saw, not in length but bulk: he first took the big machine down to 513 pounds. I then hitched the fifty pounds into his mouth, and took full fifty pounds weight into that; still the big machine did not move, and we calculated he was twenty to thirty pounds over the combined weights shown, which would make him fully 585 pounds."

A tiger fattened for show purposes would lose muscle and therefore weight; hence I venture to think there is a mistake somewhere.—Yours faithfully,

E. D. CUMING.



# The Saturday Review

No. 2209, Vol. 85.

26 February, 1898.

GRATIS.

## Messrs. Methuen's New Books.

### FICTION.

**SIMON DALE.** By ANTHONY HOPE. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 6s. Feb. 21st.  
A Romance of the reign of Charles II., and Mr. Anthony Hope's first historical novel.

**THE KLOOF BRIDE.** By ERNEST GLANVILLE, Author of "The Fossicker." Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**A VOYAGE OF CONSOLATION.** By SARA JEANETTE DUNCAN, Author of "An American Girl in London." Crown 8vo. 6s. Feb. 25th.  
The adventures of an American girl in Europe.

**THE VINTAGE.** By E. F. BENSON, Author of "Dodo." Illustrated by G. P. Jacob-Hood. Crown 8vo. 6s. A Romance of the Greek War of Independence. [Second Edition in the Press.]  
The leading characters stand out, and the love story is told with charm and delicacy. Mr. Jacob-Hood's drawings are the very best illustrations we have seen for a long time. —*Westminster Gazette*.  
"An excellent piece of romantic literature; a very graceful and moving story. We are struck with the close observation of life in Greece." —*Saturday Review*.

**TRAITS AND CONFIDENCES.** By the Hon. EMILY LAWLESS, Author of "Hurrish," "Maelcho," &c. Crown 8vo. 6s.  
"The easy style in which these stories are written gives a peculiar charm to a book which is not lacking in the characteristic excellence of Miss Lawless's more elaborate works." —*Scotsman*.

**JOSIAH'S WIFE.** By NORMA LORIMER. Crown 8vo. 6s.  
"A witty and interesting book. Josiah is a noble character and Camela is bewitching." —*The Queen*.

**THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA.** By LIONEL DECLÉ. With an Introduction by H. M. Stanley, M.P. With 100 Illustrations and 5 Maps. Demy 8vo. 21s.

**THE FRONTIER CAMPAIGN.** By the Viscount FINECASTLE, V.C., and Lieut. ELIOT LOCKHART. With Map and numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

**CAMPAIGNING ON THE UPPER NILE AND NIGER, 1895-7.** By Lieutenant S. VANDELEUR, D.S.O. With Maps and Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

### GENERAL LITERATURE.

**LIFE AND PROGRESS IN AUSTRALASIA.**

By MICHAEL DAVITT, M.P. With Two Maps. Crown 8vo. 6s. 500 pp.  
"This book is full of political instruction, and bright with the pleasure of travel among peoples whose foreheads front the morning of a brilliant future."  
"Eminently worthy of study." —*Daily News*. *Freeman's Journal*.

**THE NIGER SOURCES.** By Colonel J. TROTTER, R.A. With a Map and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s.  
"A very readable, business-like, valuable narrative. The large scale map accompanying this volume is a valuable document, and the book, as a whole, contains a vast amount of fresh and useful information." —*Pall Mall Gazette*.

**EXPLORATION AND HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA.** By Major A. St. H. GIBBONS, F.R.G.S. With 8 full-page Illustrations by C. Whympere, 25 Photographs, and a Map. Demy 8vo. 15s.  
"A grand record of quiet, tactful resolution. His adventures were as various as his sporting exploits are exciting." —*The Times*.

**ANARCHISM.** By E. V. ZENKER. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.  
A critical study and history, as well as a trenchant criticism, of the Anarchist movement in Europe.

**RELIGION AND CONSCIENCE IN ANCIENT EGYPT.** By W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE, D.C.L., LL.D. Fully Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

**A HISTORY OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY, 1845-1895.** By CHARLES H. GRINLING. With Maps and Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
A record of railway enterprise and development in Northern England, containing much matter hitherto unpublished.

**SOME NEW TESTAMENT PROBLEMS.** By ARTHUR WRIGHT, Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo. 6s. *Churchman's Library*.

**DISCIPLINE AND LAW.** Some Lenten Addresses. By H. H. HENSON, B.D., Fellow of All Souls', Oxford. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

**THOMAS CRANMER.** By A. J. MASON, D.D. With Portrait. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. *Leaders of Religion*.

### THE LIBRARY OF DEVOTION.

**THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE.**  
Newly translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by C. BIGG, D.D., late Student of Christ Church. Fcap. 8vo. 2s.; leather, 3s.

Messrs. Methuen's New Catalogue and Book Gazette sent to any address.

METHUEN & CO., 36 ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

## MESSRS. BELL'S NEW BOOKS.

Complete Catalogue post free on application.

**THE BASES OF DESIGN.** By WALTER CRANE. Printed at the Chiswick Press, with 200 Illustrations, many drawn by the Author. Bound in buckram, with specially designed Cover and End Papers, demy 8vo. 18s. net.

CONTENTS:—1. Of the Architectural Basis.—2. Of the Utility Basis and Influence.—3. Of the Influence of Material and Method.—4. Of the Influence of Conditions in Design.—5. Of the Climatic Influence in Design: chiefly in regard to Colour and Pattern.—6. Of the Racial Influence in Design.—7. Of the Symbolic Influence, or Emblematic Element in Design.—8. Of the Graphic Influence, or Naturalism in Design.—9. Of the Individual Influence in Design.—10. Of the Collective Influence in Design.

**THE GLASGOW SCHOOL OF PAINTING.**

By DAVID MARTIN. With Introduction by Francis H. Newbery. With Reproductions of Paintings by W. V. Macgregor, James Guthrie, James Lavery, E. A. Hornel, J. E. Christie, and many others. Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

**A HISTORY OF RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND, 1500-1800.** By REGINALD BLONFIELD, M.A., Exeter College, Oxford, Architect. With about 150 Illustrations from Pen Drawings by the Author, and 90 Plates in Collotype and Half-Tone, Photographs, Drawings, and Prints. 2 vols. imperial 8vo. £2 10s. net.

**DICTIONARY OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES (French-English and English-French).** By F. E. A. GASC. A New Edition (the Eighth), Revised, Enlarged and Recast from beginning to end. Large 8vo. 960 pages, in treble columns, bound in half-buckram, 12s. 6d.

**GREGOROVIVUS' HISTORY OF THE CITY OF ROME IN THE MIDDLE AGES.** Translated from the German by Mrs. HAMILTON. Vol. V. In Two Parts. Crown 8vo. 9s. net.

**ELEMENTARY BOTANY.** By PERCY GROOM, M.A. (Cantab. et Oxon.), F.L.S., Examiner in Botany to the University of Oxford. With 275 Illustrations, crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**BOOK-KEEPING BY DOUBLE ENTRY.**  
Theoretical and Practical; including a Society of Arts Examination Paper fully worked out. By J. T. MEDHURST, A.K.C., F.S.S., Fellow of the Society of Accountants and Auditors (Incorporated). Crown 8vo. 2s.

### BELL'S CATHEDRAL SERIES.

NEW VOLUMES, crown 8vo. 12. 6d. each.

**EXETER.** By PERCY ADDLESHAW, B.A. With 35 Illustrations.

**WINCHESTER.** By P. W. SERGEANT. With 50 Illustrations.

**LICHFIELD.** By A. B. CLIFTON. With 39 Illustrations.

**NORWICH.** By C. H. B. QUENNEL. With 38 Illustrations.

**PETERBOROUGH.** By Rev. W. D. SWEETING. M.A. With 51 Illustrations. [March 7th.]

Other Volumes to follow.

### BOHN'S LIBRARIES.

NEW VOLUMES.

**THE LAY OF THE NIBELUNGS.** Metrically Translated from the Old German Text by ALICE HORTON and Edited by EDWARD BELL, M.A. To which is prefixed the Essay on the Nibelungenlied by THOMAS CARLYLE. 5s.

**THE WORKS OF GEORGE BERKELEY,** Bishop of Cloyne. Edited by GEORGE SAMPSON. With a Biographical Introduction by the Right Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P. 3 vols. 5s. each. [Vol. I. ready; Vol. II. next week.]

**THE PROSE WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT.** A New Edition, edited by TEMPLE SCOTT. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. W. E. H. LECKY, M.P. In about 10 volumes. 3s. 6d. each. [Vols. I. and II. ready.]

**THE CAMPAIGN OF SEDAN: the Downfall of the Second Empire, August-September, 1870.** By GEORGE HOOPER. With General Map and 6 Plans of Battle. New Edition, 3s. 6d.

London: GEORGE BELL & SONS, York Street, Covent Garden.

## SMITH, ELDER, &amp; CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

On 1 March. With a Map. Post 8vo. 6s.

## EGYPT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY;

or, Mehemet Ali and his Successors until the British Occupation in 1882.

By DONALD A. CAMERON, H. B. M.'s Consul at Port Said.

AN IRISH UNDER-SECRETARY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Ready immediately. With a Portrait. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d.

## MR. GREGORY'S LETTER-BOX, 1813-30.

Edited by LADY GREGORY.

## A SIMPLE GRAMMAR OF ENGLISH NOW IN USE.

By JOHN EARLE, M.A., Rector of Swanswick; Rawlinsonian Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford; Author of "English Prose; its Elements, History, and Usage," "The Philology of the English Tongue," &amp;c. Crown 8vo. 6s.

## NEW NOVELS.

## THE TRAGEDY OF THE KOROSKO. By A. CONAN

DOYLE, Author of "The White Company," "Rodney Stone," "Uncle Bernac," &amp;c. With 40 full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

From *Punch*:—"A story of breathless interest, lightened by many touches of character, and framed in the carefully-studied atmosphere of the Nubian desert."

## FOR THE RELIGION: being the Records of Blaise de

Bernault. By HAMILTON DRUMMOND. Crown 8vo. 6s.

The *Scottsman*:—"A romance among a score. Those who begin it will not easily put it down. The characters of the great religious wars speak and cross swords, and the passions of tense and mortal struggle thro' again in its pages."

## DEBORAH OF TOD'S. By Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE,

Author of "A Toy Tragedy," "The Little Squire," &amp;c. Third Edition now ready. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Mr. JAMES PAYN in the *Illustrated London News*:—"The interest of the work is strong from first to last. It is one of the best novels of the year."

## CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

For MARCH. Price ONE SHILLING. CONTENTS:—

## LEWIS CARROLL.

By the Rev. T. B. STRONG, Senior Censor of Christ Church, Oxford.

## THE FRIENDLY FOE.

By Miss M. E. COLERIDGE, Author of "The King with Two Faces."

FIGHTS FOR THE FLAG. III.—Lord Anson and the "Centurion." By the Reverend W. H. FITCHETT.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN; Poet, Eccentric, and Humourist. By Alfred Perceval Graves.

STRAY FRAGMENTS OF A PAST. By Lady Jane Ellice.

GOLD-MINING AT THE KLONDIKE. By T. C. DOWN.

TARAKANOF'S IDVLL. By G. L. CALDERON.

OF "SCORES." By Stephen Gwynn.

THE LIFE OF A CHINESE MANDARIN. By E. H. PARKER.

PAGES FROM A PRIVATE DIARY.

THE CASTLE INN. Chapters IX.-XIII. By Stanley Weyman.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, &amp; CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE.

## CHATTO &amp; WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.

PARIS. By EMILE ZOLA. Translated by E. A. VIZETELLY. Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d. [March 1.]

THROUGH THE GOLD-FIELDS OF ALASKA TO BERING STRAITS. By HARRY DE WINDT. With Map and 33 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. cloth, 16s.

"The story of his rescue at half-past the eleventh hour by a belated whaler is one of the most dramatic and thrilling bits of romance in real life I have read for some time."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON III. By ARCHIBALD FORBES. With 37 full-page Illustrations. Demy 8vo. cloth, 12s.

"Adds to the accuracy of an historical annal the charm of romance. . . . With the first blast of the trumpet of war the pluckiest, most resourceful, and most successful war correspondent of the century is at his best again. The story of the campaign is a brilliant, piece of writing. It carries the reader breathless to the closing scene at Chislehurst."—*Punch*.

A WOMAN TEMPTED HIM. By WILLIAM WESTALL. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.

"As a story of domestic intrigue and financial vicissitudes it is skillfully planned and amazingly unrolled."—*Daily Mail*.

THE DISASTER. By PAUL and VICTOR MARGUERITTE. Translated by F. LEES. Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

"A strong, a remarkable book."—*Speaker*.

TRUE BLUE; or, 'The Lass that Loved a Sailor.' By HERBERT RUSSELL. Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

MISS BALMAINE'S PAST. By B. M. CROKER. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.

"Will be eagerly welcomed by those who know Mrs. Croker's excellent work, and who enjoy a well-told love story."—*Black and White*.

TALES IN PROSE AND VERSE. By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY. Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

"We doubt whether so finely-wrought a picture of the human waif is to be found in all fact-built fiction as that of Moses Lowenstein."—*World*.

RECORDS OF OLD TIMES: Historical, Social, Political, Sporting, and Agricultural. By J. K. FOWLER ("Rusticus"). Demy 8vo. cloth, with 8 Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

WALFORD'S COUNTY FAMILIES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM (1898). Containing Notices of the Descent, Birth, Marriage, Education, &amp;c., of more than 12,000 distinguished Heads of Families, their Heirs Apparent or Presumptive, the Offices they hold or have held, their Town and Country Addresses, Clubs, &amp;c. Royal 8vo. cloth gilt, 50s.

LONDON: CHATTO &amp; WINDUS, 111 ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.

## MR. EDWARD ARNOLD'S NEW BOOKS.

NOW READY AT ALL LIBRARIES AND BOOKSELLERS.

## WITH THE BRITISH MISSION TO MENELIK, 1897.

By COUNT GLEICHEN, Captain Grenadier Guards, Intelligence Officer to the Mission.

With numerous Illustrations by the Author and a map. Demy 8vo. 16s.

*Times*:—"Count Gleichen has produced a book which deserves to be read by every one who cares for good tales of travel, for the record of a considerable English achievement, and for a first-hand account of an almost unknown and very interesting country."*Daily Chronicle*:—"A thoroughly entertaining book. Count Gleichen's book will be read by all who are interested in the greater affairs of the British Empire and the world."*Pall Mall Gazette*:—"To predict that the flashlight photograph of Abyssinia produced by Count Gleichen's instructive text and lively sketches will be as popular as it deserves is not faint praise."

## MANY MEMORIES OF MANY PEOPLE.

By Mrs. M. C. SIMPSON (née Nassau-Senior).

1 vol. demy 8vo. 16s.

*Standard*:—"Charmingly written and pleasant to read. Full of clever touches of description, of insight, and of sympathetic charm."*Daily News*:—"A delightful volume."*Athenaeum*:—"Mrs. Simpson has something interesting to say about nearly every woman of note in the middle portion of the century. The whole book is good reading."

## ARMY LETTERS.

By H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER, M.P.

Reprinted (by permission) from the *Times*, with Notes and Appendix.

Cloth, 3s. 6d.

[In a few days.]

SIXTH EDITION.

## THE KING WITH TWO FACES.

By M. E. COLERIDGE. 6s.

*Spectator*:—"A brilliant novel."*Pall Mall Gazette*:—"A work of remarkable ability."*Westminster Gazette*:—"One of the most remarkable stories that we have read for many a day."

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 37 BEDFORD STREET.

## CHAPMAN &amp; HALL'S NEW BOOKS.

BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

TRAVELS IN THE COASTLANDS OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA AND THE ISLANDS OF ZANZIBAR AND PEMBA. By W. W. A. FITZGERALD, F.R.G.S., F.R.C.I. With Maps, Illustrations, and Appendices. Demy 8vo. 28s. [This day.]

NEW WORK ON BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BRITISH COLUMBIA FOR SETTLERS. By FRANCES MACNAR, Author of "On Veldt and Farm." With three Maps. Crown 8vo. 6s. [This day.]

WITH UPWARDS OF 100 ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BUILDING OF THE EMPIRE: The Story of England's Growth from Elizabeth to Victoria. By ALFRED THOMAS STORRY, Author of "The Life of John Linnell," &amp;c. With Portraits of Queens Elizabeth and Victoria in Photogravure, and upwards of 100 Portraits and Illustrations. 2 vols. large crown 8vo. 14s.

## THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

EDITED BY W. L. COURTNEY.

## MARCH.

CONTRADICTIONS OF MODERN FRANCE: THE MILITARY PARADOX. By Baron Pierre de Coubertin.

REMINISCENCES OF JUDAH PHILIP BENJAMIN. By the late Baron Pollock.

THE FRENCH ON THE NILE (with Map). By F. A. EDWARDS, F.R.G.S.

"MARRIAGE QUESTIONS IN FICTION." By Madame Sarah Grand.

THE TIRAH CAMPAIGN (with Map). By An Eyewitness.

AN ELYSIAN CONVERSATION. By Ch. Bastide.

THE END OF THE NEW UNIONISM. By Louis Garvin.

METHODS OF VOTING: AN ELECTORAL REVOLUTION. By W. H. HOWE.

TRAGEDY AND MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS. By William Watson.

SIDE-LIGHTS OF THE REVANCHE IDEA. By Albert D. Vandam.

HUNTING AND ITS FUTURE. By H. A. Bryden.

RECENT ATTEMPTS AT COPYRIGHT LEGISLATION. By G. H. Thring.

PAUL KRUGER: AN APOLOGY AND A DEFENCE. By F. Reginald Statham.

THE WESTMINSTER "IMPROVEMENT" SCHEME (with Map). By E. P. Warren.

ENGLAND AND JAPAN. By H. W. Wilson.

## SIR WALTER BESANT'S NEW NOVEL, "THE CHANGELING,"

COMMENCES IN

## CHAPMAN'S MAGAZINE FOR MARCH.

Price Sixpence. Which also contains

## SEVEN COMPLETE STORIES

By EVELYN SHARP, ALAN OSCAR, BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL, and others

CHAPMAN &amp; HALL, LIMITED, LONDON.



## SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON: 26 FEB., 1898.

## THE STATE OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

IT is characteristic of our national interests and differences that, while the least deficiency in the administration of some County Council or local School Board is sufficient to create a public scandal, to the immense advantage of all the local parties and newspapers concerned, the affairs of our museums and galleries prove a matter of little or no interest to the public at large. Even the Royal Commission which was lately sitting to inquire into the abuses prevailing at South Kensington failed to attract the public notice to any appreciable extent; and it is much to be doubted whether the arbitrary and peremptory dismissal of Mr. Weale, from his post of Librarian at the Kensington Museum, will excite any interest or meet with any redress. If such scandals pass unnoticed, it is no wonder that the administration of the National Gallery fails to attract attention, or that the public does not care to inquire how the frugal Parliamentary grant to the National Gallery is expended. Yet the fact remains that during the last few years a state of things has been obtaining at Trafalgar Square which, had it occurred in some more utilitarian department of the public service, would long ago have raised a general clamour, and undoubtedly have resulted in a public inquiry.

Sir Edward Poynter was appointed to succeed Sir Frederic Burton as Director of the National Gallery on 8 May, 1894. Up to that time the discretion and power of purchasing additional pictures for the Gallery had, within certain limits, been vested in the office of the Director. On the retirement of Sir Frederic Burton, however, all this was changed; and the Trustees reserved to themselves the power of buying new pictures. Whether this very radical change in the administration of the Gallery was intended as a censure upon the retiring Director, or a want of confidence in the gentleman about to succeed him, we are not informed. Certainly, Sir Frederic Burton had made some bad blunders; almost the last picture which he bought, No. 1406, an Annunciation, attributed to Fra Angelico, for the large sum of £1500, proved to be only a school-copy of the original in the Prado at Madrid. That was an inexcusable blunder; for the Director of our National Collection is, at least, expected to be familiar with the contents of the great European Galleries. On the other hand, the change in the administration of the Gallery carried with it a very serious objection: before the innovation the Director, and the Director alone, was the responsible person; under the present system the onus of the direction of the Gallery appears to rest neither wholly with the Director nor wholly with the Trustees. Since Sir Edward Poynter has become Director, three annual reports have been issued to the Treasury, bearing his signature; and, in the absence of any more definite information, we can only suppose that, in accepting his salary of £1000 a year, he accepts along with it the responsibility attaching to the various purchases of pictures enumerated in these three reports. Certainly the purchase of additional paintings for the Gallery is the principal duty of the Director. His mistakes in other respects, in naming or hanging them, may be afterwards corrected; but bad pictures, bought at the price of good ones, like reports, remain. We therefore propose to deal exhaustively with the portion of each of these reports which relates to the purchase of such pictures, and to examine categorically each painting on its own merits.

In the Report for the year 1894, fifteen pictures are set down as having been bought for the Gallery since Sir Edward Poynter assumed its directorship. Of these, the first four were purchased at the sale of the Eastlake Collection in June 1894. They were No. 1409, a "Marriage of St. Catherine," by Andrea Cordelle Agii; No. 1410, a charming "Virgin and Child," by Borgognone; No. 1411, two little panels given to Ercole de' Roberti; and No. 1412, a "Virgin and Child, with St. John," which in the Eastlake Collection bore the name of Botticelli, but which Sir Edward Poynter, with far less reason, has thought fit to label Filippino Lippi. For the present it would be wise

to label this charming little panel the "School of Botticelli." Had Sir Edward Poynter's purchases always been of this nature, his most exacting critic would have had little to blame. After a portrait by Gerard Dou, No. 1415, which does not call for any special notice, the next pictures set down in the Report are No. 1417, "The Agony in the Garden," by Andrea Mantegna, No. 1418, "St. Jerome in his Study," by Antonello da Messina, and No. 1419, "The Legend of St. Giles and the Hind," by an unknown painter of the Early Flemish School. These fine and important works were acquired for the sum of £6000 from the Earl of Northbrook: the credit of their purchase, however, is not due, we believe, to Sir Edward Poynter, the negotiations for their purchase having been concluded by Sir Frederic Burton. Next follow two good Dutch pictures, No. 1420, an excellent Berck-Heyde, and No. 1421, a Jan Steen, purchased at the Adrian Hope sale: and with that our commendation of the Director's purchases comes almost to an end.

The eighteenth picture scheduled in this report, No. 1429, "An Interior of the Rotunda at Ranelagh in London," was purchased from Mr. Horace Buttery for £120 as a work by Antonio Canale, commonly called Canaletto. "Canaletti," says Walpole, "came to England in 1746, when he was about the age of fifty, by persuasion of his countryman Amiconi, and encouraged by the multitude of pictures he had sold or sent over to the English." "I think," he adds, "he did not stay here above two years." Walpole, doubtless, is here speaking of Antonio Canale, but his nephew and pupil, Bernardo Bellotto, is also said by more than one writer, but on no authentic grounds, to have visited this country. So closely did Bellotto succeed in imitating his uncle, that not only was the name "Il Canaletto," originally and properly given to the nephew, transferred to the uncle, but the paintings of Bellotto also, in course of time, have been largely attributed to Canale. Indeed, more than one painting of Bellotto in our National Gallery is so attributed. Now we know that Antonio Canale made "An Inside View of the Rotunda in Ranelagh Gardens"; for there is an old print of it, published on "Dec. 2, 1751," and engraved by N. Parr, which, according to the title, "Canaletti delin." On comparing this print with the picture, the point of view is found to be much the same; whilst there are several remarkable differences of treatment and detail. In the print a large number of small figures are employed to enhance the air of space and perspective which the painter has given to the scene: in the picture, the figures not only differ from those in the print, but are far less numerous, and much larger in proportion to the architecture, thereby destroying that effect of space, which was one of the characteristics of Canale's manner. Again, in the print an attempt has been made to correctly render in perspective the cove of the ceiling above the central structure; in the picture this circular cove has been drawn without regard to the point of sight. In the print the chandeliers, which were architecturally disposed, are correctly shown; in the picture they are not drawn with the same care, and one of them is omitted. Such obvious differences alone would have been sufficient to make any ordinary person pause in coming at a judgment of this View of Ranelagh; but let us take the picture on its own merits. How crude and clumsy is the handling; how entirely wanting is that sense of atmosphere which distinguishes the works of Antonio Canale! Nor is the colouring of the picture that of a Venetian painter. A very superficial comparison of this picture with the fine view in Venice, No. 127, which hangs immediately behind it, or with some of the other pictures in the same rooms, must convince any one who has any knowledge of painting, that the picture in question cannot be by either of the Canaletti. For ourselves, we make no doubt that this view of Ranelagh is by some English imitator of their manner: the drawing and colouring of the figures which have been introduced independently of the local chiaroscuro or the aerial perspective, are, in our opinion, a proof of this.

The next picture, No. 1431, "The Baptism of Our Lord," by Perugino, purchased in Rome for £400, calls for a more special examination, perhaps, than any other

recent purchase. It is described in the report for the year as a work of the "Venetian School" (*sic*): since the Report is signed, and purports to be written, by the Director, we can only conclude that here we have some indication of his knowledge of Early Italian Painting at the time he assumed the direction of the Gallery. An examination of the picture itself more than confirms this supposition: Sir Edward Poynter has not merely confused the Venetian with the Umbrian School. The forms in this little panel, especially of the heads, the hands, and the draperies, are the clumsiest travesty upon those of Perugino; while the cold, purplish key of the colouring and the coarse brushwork resemble neither his own work, nor that of his immediate followers. The most charitable view which one could take of this worthless picture is to suppose it to be a late sixteenth-century copy of some lost original. It seems to have been painted in oils; and a more minute examination of it than we have had an opportunity of making, would probably reveal further proofs of its worthlessness. But be that as it may, enough is evident to show that its purchase is a gross scandal to the administration of the Gallery, and the sooner it is consigned to the limbo of mistaken acquisitions the better for every one concerned. Its monetary value is far nearer four shillings than £400.

No. 1416, "The Virgin and Child, with two Saints," by Filippo Mazzola, purchased from Mr. C. Fairfax Murray for £120. The interest of this picture begins and ends in the fact that it was painted by the father of Parmigiano. Feeble in conception and in execution, this wretched painting has nothing to convey to us, except the sorry truth that even in the Golden Age of Italian Art there were accredited painters as incompetent as any now living. This painter, we are told, was called Filippo dell'Erbette, because he succeeded best in painting fruit and flowers. Judging, however, from the picture in question, we should have imagined that he was so nicknamed because his figures resembled vegetables rather than human beings. However, the cheery thought remains that its acquisition greatly redounds to the genius of Mr. Fairfax Murray as a dealer, though scarcely, perhaps, as much as his famous "Lotto" at Dresden.

No. 1427, Hans Baldung, surnamed Grün, "The Dead Christ," purchased from Mr. George Donaldson for £600, and No. 1428, R. H. Lancaster, "A View of the Town Quay at Southampton," purchased from Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi for £84, are both works of no great artistic importance. The "View of Southampton," by Lancaster, however, makes so charming an appearance in the Tate Gallery, where it is entirely in its place, that it would be ungracious not to commend its purchase. These pictures conclude the report for 1894.

The report for the year 1895 specifies the purchase of sixteen pictures. Of these, the first on the list is No. 1436, "The Vision of St. Eustace," by Vittore Pisano, which was purchased from the Earl of Ashburnham for £3000. It would be hard to over-rate the beauty and importance of this picture; but the credit of its purchase, we believe, is not wholly due to Sir Edward Poynter. As in the case of the fourth picture described in this report, No. 1450, "The Holy Family," by Sebastiano del Piombo, which was one of the pictures acquired from Lord Northbrook's collection, the negotiations for its purchase had been opened, if not concluded by Sir Frederic Burton. We hope, however, that we may be mistaken in regard to this point; for none of the other purchases enumerated in this report show an equal taste or judgment; indeed, a few of them reveal an unparalleled want of knowledge. But we prefer to let these dubious acquisitions speak for themselves.

Of the remaining fourteen pictures mentioned in this report let us first take No. 1453, "A View of Covent Garden Market," by B. Nebot, signed and dated 1737, purchased at the sale of Lord Clifden's pictures for £73 10s. The Catalogue informs us that little or nothing is known of this "presumably English painter," beyond the fact that he painted a portrait of Captain Thomas Coram. We may add that it is more probable that this obscure painter was a foreigner, perhaps a

Frenchman, working in this country. It would seem that his name was Balthazar Nebot, and that he was still living in 1786, if two etchings of London characters are by the same person. The topographical interest of this view of Covent Garden is considerable; and for the student of the Fine Arts in England the picture possesses a certain historical value, but judged merely as a work of art its pretensions must be confessed to be slight. It is very desirable that a room should be set apart at the New Gallery at Millbank in which examples of the lesser painters who have worked in England might be shown in chronological order. In such a museum this picture by Balthazar Nebot would have its proper place, with other paintings of the same order, for instance, the portrait of a horse, No. 1452, by George Stubbs, R.A., and the landscapes by Julius Cæsar Ibbetson, No. 1460, and Robert Ladbroke, No. 1467, all of which are scheduled in this report for 1895. Such pictures would be found to possess a charm of their own, when no longer brought into immediate contrast with the works of the great masters of the English School. In the National Gallery, however, a large number (and they increase year by year) of small pictures by second or third-rate painters, such as Ibbetson and Ladbroke, can serve only to detract from the splendid impression which the first-rate painters of our English School certainly succeed in creating. They tend, in other words, to turn a gallery of the great masters into a mere museum.

A far better piece than any of these English pictures is No. 1451, a church-interior, by Gerrit Berck-Heyde; a commendable purchase, although another painting by the same artist, No. 1420, was bought as recently as the previous year. No. 1447, "A Hunting Party," by Adam van der Meulen, and No. 1459, a large, and not very attractive, portrait group by Gerbrand van den Eeckhout, the imitator of Rembrandt, may be passed over without special comment. Not so No. 1454, "A Gondola," by Francesco Guardi, which, though little more than a sketch, possesses so much delicate charm of colour and handling that the Director must be certainly complimented on acquiring this pleasing trifle. Those delightful Venetian painters, Guardi, Tiepolo, and Longhi could all with advantage be better represented in our National collection.

Here, for the second time, we must turn from praise to censure. No. 1437, "The Descent of the Holy Ghost," attributed to Barnaba da Modena, and purchased from Mr. C. Simpson for £50, is an early panel whose interest is entirely antiquarian, and that of a very limited kind. Its place would be in some museum of archæology, not in the National Gallery. The next picture cannot, at present, aspire even to the honour of a place in an archæological museum. No. 1458, "A Galiot in a Gale," attributed to John Sell Cotman, was purchased at the sale of the late Mr. James Price's collection for £2310. When this picture was put up at Christie's, considerable doubts were expressed in the sale-room as to its authenticity, and it has since become a matter of common knowledge that Mr. James Reeve, the Curator of the Norwich Museum, and the chief living authority upon the Norwich School in general, and Cotman in particular, has emphatically pronounced against this picture. It now hangs in the National Gallery, beside a smaller but genuine sea-piece by Cotman, No. 1111, the history of which is known, and whose proper name is "Wherries on Breydon." It does not require a trained eye to see that these two paintings differ radically from one another. The smaller painting of the wherries is distinguished by the originality and solemnity of its composition, by the remarkable breadth of its tone and handling, by the beauty and subtlety of its colouring—qualities which distinguish Cotman's best work in water-colours. The larger painting, on the other hand, possesses none of these qualities: in composition it is commonplace and empty, broken in tone, coarse in handling and crude in colour. It is impossible to believe that Cotman, accomplished master as he was of the science of draughtsmanship, could, even in the hurry of "pot-boiling," have drawn, or rather misdrawn, this impossible Galiot in the picture at the National Gallery. That Cotman possessed an intimate knowledge of shipping and of the forms and movement of water is



clearly proved by the two pictures belonging to Mr. Colman, of Norwich, which we have all seen during the year at the Victorian Exhibition at Earl's Court. Contrast the solid and weighty flow of the sea in the painting No. 43, called "After the Storm," with these scene-painter's waves, which appear to have no relation to the movement of this Galiot. Remark the breadth, subtlety and essential truth which characterise the other painting at Earl's Court, No. 50, "Fishing Boats off Yarmouth." How entirely different is the painting in the National Gallery! Indeed, this picture of the Galiot does not remind us of Cotman at all. Its composition appears to have been suggested by "Calais Pier," or some such painting by Turner. Manner, colouring and handling, all recall that artist rather than the Norwich painter; and it is highly probable that in this picture we have one of those worthless imitations of Turner, made subsequently to the period in Cotman's career to which it is attributed. Yet on this picture no less a sum than £2310 of the public money has been wasted. If the Director of our National Gallery has not sufficient knowledge and judgment to guide him in purchasing a painting by one of his own countrymen, who was still living when he was a boy, what are we to expect when that official is confronted by the really difficult problems with which the study of Early Italian Art abounds?

No. 1461, "St. Sebastian Crowned by Angels," by Matteo di Giovanni, purchased at Florence from Signor S. Bardini for £571. The Director appears to have gone out of his way in purchasing this unpleasing and unimportant picture, for the Siennese painter, Matteo di Giovanni, was already represented in the National Gallery by two works, one of which, No. 1155, "The Assumption of the Virgin," is, perhaps, his masterpiece. This "St. Sebastian," on the contrary, is not only a weak and inferior piece, but the hand of Giacomo Cozzarelli, rather than that of Matteo himself, appears to be discernible in many parts of it. When the Siennese School is so poorly represented in our Gallery, when we possess no representative work by Ambrogio Lorenzetti, except the fragment of a fresco, nothing by Vecchietta, Cecco di Giorgio, Neroccio di Landi, not to mention lesser masters, upon what grounds, we ask, does the Director justify the purchase of this picture?

No. 1465, Gaudenzio Ferrari, "Christ rising from the Tomb," purchased at Milan at the sale of the Scarpa Collection for £215. This painter was not already represented in the Gallery, perhaps on account of the difficulty which the former Directors found in meeting with any easel picture which was characteristic of him at his best. Sir Edward Poynter, however, appears to have bought the first panel which he stumbled across, without inquiring whether it in any way represented the genius of Gaudenzio. Who could imagine from this empty, vapid painting, what surprising beauty and decorative splendour Gaudenzio is master of in the Choir of Angels on the little dome of Saronno; what energy, nay, brutal force, he is able to reveal in such a fresco as that of the Crucifixion in one of the side chapels of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan? But considerations of this kind do not seem to present themselves to the mind of Sir Edward. Gaudenzio certainly never exhibits in his easel pictures the power which is characteristic of his frescoes; yet if no more characteristic work could be found than this, it would have been better to have refrained from buying anything by him. But we are by no means certain that such a difficulty exists; only recently, for example, a panel far finer and more characteristic of Gaudenzio's virile manner has come into the collection of Dr. Ludwig Mond in London. Why was not this secured for the National Gallery?

No. 1466, "The Walk to Emmaus," by Lelio Orsi, purchased at Milan at the sale of the Scarpa Collection for £25. It is difficult to discuss the purchase of this picture with moderation. Of all the genuine paintings which have been acquired for the Gallery since Sir Edward Poynter became Director, this one artistically is, without doubt, the most worthless. Mannered to a degree in which the forms become merely disfigured, feeble in conception, clumsy in execution, this stupid picture exhibits the Lombard School in the lowest depths of its decline. If this "Walk to Emmaus" is to

be taken as a low-water mark of excellence; and every Italian painter, who had done anything up to its level, is to be represented in our National Collection, the Gallery at Trafalgar Square will be turned into a very labyrinth of mediocrity, appalling to contemplate.

No. 1438, "Head of St. John the Baptist," Milanese School, purchased in London for £140 7s. 6d., from Mr. James C. Watt. This is a feeble and nameless devotional picture of not an uncommon Milanese type. Surely, with the quantity of fine Lombard pictures in this country, and the number of interesting Milanese painters of whose art we have no example in the National Gallery, such as Bramantino, Cesare da Sesto, Andrea Salaino, and Giovanni Pedrini, nothing but an assumption of sheer indifference on the part of the Director can explain the purchase of this or the foregoing picture. These conclude the purchases made in 1895.

It appears from the last report issued for the year 1896, that only seven additional pictures were bought for the Gallery during that year. The first three were works by Francis Goya: No. 1471, "La Merienda Campestre"; No. 1472, "El Hechizado por Fuerza"; and No. 1473, "Portrait of Doña Isabel Corbo de Porcel": the two genre pieces were purchased at Madrid for £265 14s.; the portrait for £404 19s. 10d. As the opinion of competent judges appear to differ in regard to the value of these pictures, we will merely express the opinion that no one of them is highly characteristic of the painter. There is a difficulty, we are told, in obtaining good examples of Goya's works; yet only a few months ago, at Paris, in an exhibition of portraits at the Beaux-Arts, more than one picture by him was to be seen, which was far more characteristic of the author of the "Caprichos," and far more interestingly painted than any in our National Gallery. However, we do not wish to deny Sir Edward Poynter the least credit which is due to him; so we will assume that no more important examples of Goya's art were to be had.

The remaining four pictures we will take in the order in which they are described in the Report. No. 1476, "Jupiter and Semele," by Andrea Schiavone, purchased at the sale of Lord Leighton's pictures for £42. The authorities of the Gallery may, perhaps, be excused the wish to obtain an example of this second-rate Venetian painter, since Tintoret is reported to have said that every painter ought to have in his workroom a picture by Schiavone: "per accendersi, cred'io," adds an old commentator, "in mirandolo di pittoresco ardore, di facilità e di forza nel colorire." Precisely! This fine fury of the painter, this facility, this force of colouring, still lend to his better pictures a charm and value which their design and draughtsmanship alone could not give them. But the *amateur* who seeks out this picture of "Jupiter and Semele" in the hope of finding "a delicate Schiavone various as a tulip-bed, with rich broken tints," will be greatly disappointed. The scene and the figures, especially that of the nymph, are badly conceived and worse drawn: of the colour, of the "pittoresco ardore" of the painter, there is scarcely a hint. This insignificant little panel is one of those numerous and hurried paintings thrown off in order to provide for the necessities of the moment. In a word, it exhibits all the faults and none of the excellences of the painter, and it might fitly stand as the type of the kind of pictures which the Director of a great National Collection should refuse upon any terms.

No. 1478, "Symbolic Representation of the Crucifixion," by Giovanni Mansueti, purchased for £435 15s. This, again, is a somewhat unimportant work by a second-rate artist. The composition, however, has a certain interest which might have excused its presence in the Gallery, had purchases of this kind been the exception and not the rule among the recent acquisitions of the Gallery.

No. 1479, "A Scene on the Ice," by Hendrik van Avercamp, purchased from Mr. J. St. Hense for £89 5s. The Gallery already possessed another "Scene on the Ice" (No. 1346), by this second-rate Dutch painter, which is almost identical in conception, treatment, colouring and handling. The newer and larger picture is, no doubt, the better of the two; yet we fail to see what is gained by a multiplication of examples of this kind.

No. 1480, "Portrait of Gilbert Stuart," by himself, purchased from Mr. Hughes Stanton for £150. This is another work whose historical interest exceeds its artistic value. Gilbert Stuart was one of the earliest painters of the Anglo-American School, and his portrait would show to advantage in such a collection as we suggest should be established at Millbank.

This concludes the purchases scheduled in the last report. We cannot, however, forbear to speak of one picture which has been acquired for the Gallery since that report was issued. The Ferrarese painter, Ludovico Mazzolino—whose character as a painter Morelli pithily sums up when he speaks of him as a "favourite of the Roman Monsignori"—was already well represented by three good examples, Nos. 82, 169 and 641: Sir Edward Poynter has thought proper to acquire a fourth example of this unimportant painter, No. 1495, "Christ Disputing with the Doctors," which is inferior to any one of the three pictures already in the Gallery. We can only suppose that when the Director made this purchase he was ignorant of the fact that Mazzolino was already sufficiently represented in the Gallery.

What, then, is the result of our inquiry? Since Sir Edward Poynter has assumed the directorship of the Gallery no picture of first-rate importance has been added to the collection, with the exception of the pictures acquired from Lord Northbrook and Lord Ashburnham, the negotiations for which were begun, if not concluded, by Sir Frederic Burton. On the other hand, a large number of third and fourth-rate pictures have been bought for small sums. These, for the most part, are either works of masters already well or better represented in the Gallery, such as No. 1461, by Matteo di Giovanni, No. 1479, by Hendrik van Avercamp, or No. 1495, by Ludovico Mazzolino; or they are works which are not finely characteristic of their painters, as No. 1465, by Gaudenzio Ferrari, or No. 1476, by Andrea Schiavone; or they are works of inferior painters, who have no place in a gallery of the great masters, as No. 1416, by Filippo Mazzola, No. 1437, by Barnaba da Modena, or No. 1466, by Lelio Orsi; or, lastly, they are worthless pictures masquerading under great names, such as No. 1429, attributed to Canale, No. 1431, attributed to Perugino, and No. 1458, attributed to Cotman. While the public money is being wasted on these inferior, or worthless paintings, masterpieces of the first order are allowed to pass out of England into foreign collections without the least effort being made to secure them for our National Gallery. In some instances they have even been offered to and refused by the authorities of the Gallery. Lord Darnley's magnificent Titian—the "Europa," which was seen some years ago at Burlington House—has been recently sold to an American collector, and is now in a private gallery at Boston, U.S.A., to which Lord Ashburnham's Botticelli, "The Death of Lucretia," exhibited at the New Gallery in 1894, has also found its way. The Rembrandt and the magnificent early Florentine "Portrait of a Lady" which once formed a part of the Ashburnham Collection have been acquired by the Directors of the Berlin Gallery. From England also came the splendid Caracciesque Dürer, which is now one of the chief ornaments of that Gallery. The "Portrait of a Man," by Giorgione, which was sold by Dr. Richter to the same Gallery, might also have been acquired for the National Gallery; but this really great work of art had already, perhaps, gone to Berlin before Sir Edward Poynter became Director. We are informed on good authority that one of the half-dozen genuine pictures by Botticelli still in private possession has recently been offered to Sir Edward Poynter; and that a "Pietà" by a very rare master, Bramantino, was refused by him before it was seen, on the ground that it was only a copy of a well-known fresco in one of the Milanese churches, though, as a matter of fact, the two compositions had nothing in common except the subject. Again, Mr. Willet's fine portrait of Giovanna Tornabuoni by Dominico Ghirlandaio, which for many years hung in the National Gallery, has also been allowed to be taken away, sold, it is said, without any effort on the part of the authorities to secure this exquisite masterpiece for the nation. These are only a few of the more notorious instances in

which pictures which are masterpieces in their several different ways have been lost to the National Gallery, in many cases the last of their kind which can ever come into the National Collection.

On the other hand, since the appointment of the present Director in 1894, no less than ten, either entirely worthless or artistically inferior pictures, bearing the names of Canale, Perugino, Filippo Mazzola, Barnaba da Modena, Cotman, Matteo di Giovanni, Gaudenzio Ferrari, Lelio Orsi, Andrea Schiavone, and a painting by some unknown master of the Milanese School, have been purchased for various sums, amounting to nearly £4000. It is beyond all question that not one of these pictures was worthy of a place in a great national collection. Besides these, a number of English pictures and one or two Dutch paintings have also been acquired, the purchase of which would be hard to entirely justify. Surely a state of things is here disclosed into which a full and searching inquiry ought to be made without delay and without prejudice. Such an inquiry would undoubtedly show that the tradition of appointing some painter of repute to the post of Director of the National Gallery is both impracticable and undesirable. The study and criticism of the old masters has become too difficult and elaborate a science for a busy artist to acquire casually in his leisure moments. Indeed, it is to be doubted whether any one man, be his powers what they may, could be thoroughly acquainted with the whole of European Art. It might be found desirable to appoint two Directors, one of whom should have the control of the English and the Northern European Schools, and the other of the French, Spanish, and Italian Schools. But it is plain that whoever may be appointed should be allowed full power to exercise his taste, judgment and discretion in acquiring additional paintings for the Gallery. Without such power, and without adequate funds, it is an anomaly to pay a Director £1000 a year in addition to a Keeper at a salary of £750. But if a Director be appointed, let him be allowed to justify his position. If he proves incompetent, let him be dismissed; but to pay him a large sum, as Sir Edward Poynter is paid a large sum, merely to figure as an official ornament, does not seem a desirable item in the economy of the State.

The truth is that the National Gallery is in want of some man of ability and strength of character for its Director, who shall thoroughly reorganize the machinery of the Gallery, and establish a good tradition at Trafalgar Square in the same way that Pannizzi established a good tradition at the British Museum. For the moment, the authorities of the National Gallery seem to have forgotten even the real nature of the institution of which they are the custodians. It is not a mere museum or repository, where pictorial documents of all kinds are to be preserved, irrespective of their artistic value, but it is a gallery of the great masters, to which artistic excellence, and artistic excellence alone, should procure the right of admission. The National Gallery can never be a gallery of masterpieces in the sense in which the Prado is a gallery of masterpieces; but it will lose even that character of general excellence by which it has in the course of years come to be distinguished, if the authorities persist in buying such trivial and worthless pictures as those enumerated in the reports which we have discussed.

It remains for us to speak only of some minor points in the administration of the Gallery. The recent removal of the modern English pictures to the new Gallery at Millbank has enabled the larger part of the collection to be rehung with great advantage to the French, Spanish, Flemish and German pictures. In removing the work of all painters born since 1790 to the Tate Gallery, the Director has wisely eliminated the whole of the pictures which belong essentially to the present reign. Had he followed this principle entirely, there would have been little to criticise on that score. The pictures at Millbank gain in an astonishing degree when seen by themselves, without the unnecessary comparison with such masters as Gainsborough or Reynolds. But upon what grounds, except the wholly inexcusable one of popularity, have the entire works of Sir Edwin Landseer been allowed to remain at Trafalgar Square? That ridiculous line of stuffed



puppy-dogs, now that it is confronted by nothing but the masterpieces of Crome, Morland, and Constable, appears fatuous and silly beyond the conception of any one who has not seen this humiliating exhibition. In order to afford room for this vulgar rubbish, it has been necessary to sky such masterpieces as Gainsborough's "Musidora," No. 308, Crome's "Slate Quarries," No. 1037, and Blake's "Spiritual Form of Pitt," No. 1110. And why are Sir Charles Eastlake and Sir John Millais to enjoy a distinction which is denied to a Rossetti or a Cecil Lawson? Surely not because they were Presidents of the Academy? A good rule has been laid down: let it be rigorously observed; and the late Presidents dismissed to Millbank, with the puppy-dogs at their heels.

In hanging some of the other schools, and notably some of the Italian pictures, Sir Edward Poynter has been even less successful. A place of honour, for instance, has been given to No. 226, a "Tondo" of the Virgin and Child with St. John and Angels, which is now said to be a work of the School of Botticelli. This inferior picture is nothing more than an old copy—not even a School copy—of a good School picture in the Palazzo Rospigliosi at Rome. It is one of the few Italian pictures at Trafalgar Square which should be consigned to the vaults. On the other hand, Crivelli's delightful "Beato Ferretti," No. 668, is allowed to hang "skied" out of sight and enjoyment, although it is undoubtedly among the precious possessions of the Gallery. But the most questionable innovation in this way has occurred in the new decorations of the Umbrian room. Up to that time the walls of the various rooms had been covered with a dark red paper, which formed a serviceable and inoffensive background to the pictures. Sir Edward Poynter, however, has here introduced into the decoration of the Gallery a species of that cheap-looking material known as "Lincrusta Walton": it is embossed with a mean pattern, shiny, and in strips of an uneven tone. Finally, it is of a hot, mustardy, green colour. Against this background, redolent of Tottenham Court Road, Sir Edward hangs the tender Piero della Francesca, No. 908, with its exquisite grape-purples; and to make the discord yet more complete, places on either side the two brightly coloured "Cassone" pictures by Bachiacca, Nos. 1218 and 1219. Another specimen of his taste has been given to the world in the expensive and fussy little frame in which the magnificent Pisanello, No. 1436, "The Vision of St. Eustace," is now placed. Nothing could be more unlike in taste and spirit than the frame and the picture. Indeed, the effect of the painting is greatly disturbed by the foolish columns and spotted decoration by which it is now surrounded, suggesting the hand of some junior student at South Kensington. The former frame, poor as it was, in every way was preferable.

Of the many erroneous attributions which not a few of the pictures bear, we refrain to speak for the present, because we understand that a new catalogue is in course of preparation, and that upon its publication an effort will be made to correct such errors. We must enter, however, a passing word of protest against the indiscriminate way in which pictures bequeathed or presented to the Gallery are accepted, without due regard being paid to their intrinsic value as works of art. It is impossible here to discuss in detail many very inferior works which have been accepted and hung in the Gallery during the last three or four years. One of the more recent and undoubtedly among the more fragrant instances we cannot refrain from commenting upon: we refer to the landscape by Giovanni Costa, No. 1493, recently presented to the Gallery by a body of subscribers. The picture is a piece of respectable mediocrity, without character, originality, or any other quality to excuse its presence in such a collection. The authorities of the Gallery cannot even plead in this instance the excuse of popularity. But to hang such a picture in the National Gallery merely because it is a gift; and to let the great living masters abroad, Degas, Whistler, and Puvis de Chavannes go unrepresented, is, to speak with reticence, a contradiction. Surely, if we are to have examples of modern European landscape-painting in the National Gallery, we should first provide ourselves with good examples of the Barbizon school, which, after all really continues, through Constable,

and through Francia and Bonnington, the tradition of the great school of English landscape. Perhaps, after all, the first writer on Art, of our own time, was right when he suggested that "the chief use in studying Old Masters" lies in their power to "interpret and justify" the masters of our own time. A great artist possesses a charm for his contemporaries, which he loses in his recess through time. The passage of centuries may lend him other colours and other virtues, but this is the peculiar right in him of his contemporaries alone. Could we enjoy our modern art as the Italy of the Renaissance enjoyed her modern art! How vain is the wish! We recall the opinions on contemporary art to which Sir Edward Poynter has committed himself; we waive at once the desirability, however great, of purchasing modern pictures, preferring rather to commend to the notice of the Director the sentence which his predecessors inscribed on the frieze of the Octagon Room of his Gallery, which, if our memory does not play us false, still remains, a piece of salutary advice where judgment, taste and insight are wanting.

### THE RECENT ART PUBLICATIONS OF B. T. BATSFORD.

Large 8vo., cloth, gilt, price 21s. net.

#### WINDOWS.—A Book about Stained and

Painted Glass. By LEWIS F. DAY, Author of "Nature in Ornament," &c. Containing 410 pp. in the Text, with 50 Full-page Plates, and 200 other Illustrations of Old Glass.

"Contains a more complete popular account—technical and historical—of stained and painted glass than has previously appeared in this country."—*The Times*.  
"The book is a masterpiece . . . It is amply illustrated and carefully printed, and will long remain the authority on its subject."—*Art Journal*.

"To the student of architecture or of decorative art, this handsome volume will be simply invaluable; to the man of general culture, especially to the traveller upon the Continent, it will be of the greatest interest; and the general reader will find it unusually attractive."—*St. James's Gazette*.

Large 4to. (15in. by 11in.), cloth, gilt, price £1 5s. Net £1 1s.

#### EXAMPLES OF OLD FURNITURE ENG-

LISH AND FOREIGN. Drawn and described by ALFRED ERNEST CHANCELLOR. Containing 40 Photo-Lithographic Plates exhibiting some 100 examples of Elizabethan, Stuart, Queen Anne, Georgian, and Chippendale Furniture; and an interesting variety of Continental Work. With Historical and Descriptive Notes.

In making this selection the author's aim has been to cover as wide a range as possible, more especially of English work, and to portray not only typical examples, but also unique and uncommon specimens, which derive additional interest from some charm of singularity or freshness of idea.

A handsome folio volume (17in. by 13in.), cloth, gilt top, price £1 16s. net.

Dedicated by permission to Sir E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

#### EXAMPLES OF GREEK AND POMPEIAN

DECORATIVE WORK. Measured and Drawn by J. CHOMAR WATT. Containing 60 Collotype Plates, reproduced from the original Pencil Drawings of the Author, and comprising Architectural Details, Ornament in White Marble, Painted and Modelled Terra-cotta, Mosaic Pavement, and a variety of Ornamental Bronze Work.

Third Edition, revised. Crown 8vo., cloth, gilt, price 12s. 6d.

#### A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE, FOR THE

STUDENT, CRAFTSMAN AND AMATEUR. Being a Comparative View of the Historical Styles from the Earliest Period. By BANISTER FLETCHER, F.R.I.B.A., Professor of Architecture in King's College, London, and B. F. FLETCHER, A.R.I.B.A. Containing upwards of 300 pp., with 115 Collotype Plates, mostly reproduced from large Photographs, and other Illustrations in the text.

"An interesting and beautifully got up little book. Charming illustrations by collotypes of the principal buildings of Europe, admirably reproduced. . . . It is one of the prettiest, most compact, and most intelligible of handbooks on architecture."—*Queen*.

Part III. Now Ready (for Subscribers only).

#### LATER RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE

IN ENGLAND. A Series of Examples of the Domestic Buildings erected subsequent to the Elizabethan Period. Edited, with Introductory and Descriptive Text, by JOHN BELCHER and MERVYN E. MACARTNEY. (Full Prospectus on application.)

B. T. BATSFORD, 94 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

ONE SHILLING. Now Ready, crown 8vo. sewed.

#### THE NEW EMANCIPATION.

BY  
FRANCIS STABLER.

A BOOK ON THE PRESENT AND FUTURE CONDITION  
OF MANKIND.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LTD.

JUST PUBLISHED, price 4s. 6d. net. Cheap edition, 3s. 6d. net.

63 Photographs of Cases before, during, and after Treatment.

#### THE TALLERMAN TREATMENT.

Edited by A. SHADWELL, M.A., M.B. Oxon, M.R.C.P.

The Localised Application of Super-heated Dry Air in Rheumatoid Arthritis, all forms of Rheumatism and Gout, Sprains, Stiff and Painful Joints, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Eczema, and kindred diseases, accompanied by heart trouble or otherwise. Results obtained in British, Colonial, and Foreign Hospitals, Medical Meetings, and private practice. Authoritative Notes and Reports upon the demonstrated value of the treatment and permanency of the benefit derived.

BAILLIERE, TINDALL & COX, LONDON, W.C.

To be had of all booksellers also of THE SECRETARY, The Tallerman Treatment Institute, 50 Welbeck Street, London, W.

## Sampson Low, Marston & Company's NEW BOOKS.

New Work by Henry M. Stanley, M.P., D.C.L., &c.

Ready Early Next Week. In One Volume, crown 8vo. cloth. With Map and Illustrations. Price HALF-A-CROWN.

### THROUGH SOUTH AFRICA.

By HENRY M. STANLEY, M.P., &c.

Author of "Through the Dark Continent," "In Darkest Africa," &c. &c.

Being an Account of his recent Visit to RHODESIA, THE TRANSVAAL, CAPE COLONY, and NATAL.

In his Preface Mr. STANLEY says:—"I prefer peaceful relations between England and the Boers of South Africa, if possible; I love what is just, fair, and best to and for both Britons and Boers; I naturally admire large-minded enterprise; I pity narrow-mindedness, and dislike to see a people refusing to advance, when all the world is so sympathetic and helpfully inclined towards them. These explanations, I think, will enable any one to understand the spirit of these letters."

VOL. II. NOW READY. Royal 8vo. 25s. net.

### THE ROYAL NAVY from the EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT.

By WILLIAM LAIRD CLOWES. Assisted by Sir CLEMENTS MARKHAM, K.C.B., P.R.G.S.; Captain A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.; Mr. H. W. WILSON, Author of "Iron-clads in Action"; Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Asst. Sec. U.S.N.; Mr. CARR LAUGHTON, and many other competent writers. In five handsome royal 8vo. vols. 25s. each net.

*Athenæum* on Vol. I.—"Whatever may be the future of the book, it can scarcely help being far, very far indeed, in advance of anything we now have, and may—we trust will—lead to that study of our naval history which has been so sadly neglected."

### ALL THE WORLD'S FIGHTING SHIPS.

Written and Illustrated by FRED. T. JANE. The Text is in English, French, German, and Italian, and the body of the work consists of over 400 carefully authenticated portraits of every warship of any fighting value whatever. Oblong cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

CAPTAIN MAHAN'S NEW WORK. AT ALL LIBRARIES.

THE INTEREST OF THE UNITED STATES IN SEA POWER, PRESENT AND FUTURE. By Captain A. T. MAHAN. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 10s. 6d. net.

*Athenæum*: "It will be seen by our readers how important is Captain Mahan's book . . . in the light it throws on the present and future policy of his country towards ourselves."

*Literature*: "Captain Mahan has earned the lasting gratitude of the British Empire."

TWO IMPORTANT ART WORKS. NOW READY.

VOL. I. bound in cloth, Six Guineas net; leather, Six and a Half Guineas net.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. Illustrated by over 500 Pictures, 380 Water-colour Drawings, and 150 Pen and Ink Sketches. By JAMES TISSOT.

THE ENGLISH EDITION, dedicated by special permission to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Two vols. of about 300 pages each, large imperial 4to. The publishers are also issuing the Work in Twelve Parts, appearing at Monthly intervals. The first Six Parts can now be obtained. Subscriptions are only taken for the Complete Work.

*The Times* says:—"When completed this will be the most sumptuous New Testament in existence."

PICTURES AND DRAWINGS SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF EDWARD ARMITAGE, R.A. Issued under the authority of Mrs. ARMITAGE. With a Short Descriptive Text by Dr. JEAN PAUL RICHTER. Folio, half-morocco, £8 8s. net; Portfolio, £8 net.

SIXTY-FIRST YEAR OF ISSUE OF ANNUAL CATALOGUE.

THE ENGLISH CATALOGUE OF BOOKS FOR

THE YEAR 1897. It contains a much longer List of Works than last year's Catalogue, including an addition of some 1,400 more Titles, but the price remains the same—viz., 5s. net, cloth limp; or half-roan limp, 6s. 6d. net.

OUR HERITAGE IN THE CHURCH. Papers written for Divinity Students in Japan. By EDWARD BICKERSTETH, D.D., late Bishop of South Tokyo, Japan. With a Preface by the Right Rev. B. F. WESTCOTT, D.D., Lord Bishop of Durham. Crown 8vo. cloth, 5s.

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST PREACHER: The Rev. Richard Johnson, first Chaplain of New South Wales. By JAMES BONWICK, F.R.G.S. Crown 8vo. cloth, 4s.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF NEW ZEALAND. Settlement of Otago. By THOMAS MORLAND HOCKEN, M.R.C.S. Eng., F.R.S. Demy 8vo. with Portraits and other Illustrations, cloth, 14s.

HANDBOOK TO BRITISH MILITARY STATIONS ABROAD. Compiled and Edited by L. C. R. DUNCOMBE-JEWELL. With a Map showing the British Military Stations in both Hemispheres. Crown 8vo, limp cloth, 3s. 6d.

READY NEXT WEEK. Limited Editions at SIXPENCE each.

JOHN HOLDSWORTH, CHIEF MATE. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

THE FROZEN PIRATE. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. Uniform with the recent Sixpenny Edition of Blackmore's "Lorna Doone."

London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & COMPANY, LIMITED, St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

## J. M. DENT & CO.

### PICTURES AND STUDIES OF CLASSIC GREEK

LANDSCAPE AND ARCHITECTURE. Being a Series of Photogravures of Paintings by JOHN FULLYLOVE, R.I., of Classical Remains in Greece. With accompanying Descriptions by H. W. NEVINSON. Oblong 4to. £1 11s. 6d. net. *Standard*.—"Mr. Fullylove is the most spirited, flexible, unmannured draughtsman of classical architecture which we now have amongst us."

### THE LIFE OF MICHAEL ANGELO. By HERMANN

GRIMM. Translated by FANNY ELIZABETH BUNNETT. New Edition with Additions. Illustrated with about 40 Photogravure Plates from Works of Art, in addition to a Steel Portrait of Michael Angelo. In 2 vols. crown 8vo, 17s. net.

*Academy*.—"The illustrations throughout this delightful book are excellent process reproductions from works of artists mentioned in the text."

### SHAKESPEARE'S MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Edited by ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, and Illustrated with upwards of 70 Drawings in Black and White by R. ANNING BELL. Fcap. 4to. with a Cover Design by the Artist, 3s. net. Fifth Thousand.

*Daily Chronicle*.—"The most beautiful decorated piece of work that has yet been produced in England."

### SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE. Pictured and Decorated

by L. FAIRFAX-MUCKLEY. With about 30 Full-page Illustrations in Black and White, and about 100 Borders, Headpieces, Tailpieces, &c. With an Introduction by Prof. J. W. Hales, and a Glossary. Ordinary Edition limited to 1250 copies for England and America. 2 vols. small crown 4to. with a Cover Design by the Artist, £2 net.

*Westminster Gazette*.—"Paper and print will surely satisfy the most fastidious. The decorations and illustrations are most of them of singular grace and beauty."

### LE MORTE D'ARTHUR. By Sir THOMAS MALORY. Re-

printed word for word from Caxton's Edition of 1485, pointed and spelt in conformity with modern usage. With an Introduction by Prof. Rhys, and about 300 Illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley, including Photogravure Frontispiece to each volume, 46 Full-page Illustrations and Bordered Pages. 2 vols. small crown 4to £1 15s. net. Only a limited number of copies remain unsold.

*St. James's Gazette*.—"Many a time has the Caxton 'Morte d'Arthur' been reprinted, but surely never since its beginning has it had a more admirable setting than Messrs. Dent have now given it. It is a pleasure to merely handle the handsome quarto, with its cover of drab and gold, its quaint decorations and illustrations, its rough wide-margined paper, and its clear bold typography. He who reads Malory for the first time is always envious; but he is thrice lucky if he so reads him in such an edition as this."

### THE BOOK OF JOB. Pictured and Decorated by

H. GRANVILLE FELL. Containing about 25 Full-page Illustrations, 10 Bordered Pages, Initials, &c., and an Introduction by Joseph Jacobs. Printed upon Hand-made Paper. Small crown 4to. with a Cover Design by the Artist, 12s. 6d. net.

*Guardian*.—"The volume is admirably produced. It is printed on a hand-made deckle-edged paper, richly illustrated in black and white by H. Granville Fell. Mr. Fell has evidently been a student of Blake, and has caught some of his strange inspiration. His drawing is bold, easy, and free, and he has good knowledge of the respective values and balance of black and white."

### THE BOOK OF RUTH. Pictured and Decorated by

W. B. MACDOUGALL. Containing about 8 Double-page Drawings and 12 Border Drawings and Initials, &c. With an Introduction by Ernest Rhys. Printed upon Hand-made Paper. Small crown 4to. with a Cover Design by the Artist, 10s. 6d. net.

*The Spectator*.—"This book is filled up with exquisite decorations. Patterns of great beauty flow round the pages, and testify to the power of invention possessed by the illustrator."

### THE FALL OF THE NIBELUNGS. Translated from

the German by MARGARET ARMOUR, and Illustrated by W. B. Macdougall. With from 16 to 20 Full-page Drawings, &c. Small fcap. 4to. printed upon rough antique paper, 6s. net.

FRANCIS THOMPSON in the *Academy*.—"In this translation I have exulted over genius, authentic genius, brought home to me in my mother tongue."

### RICHARD WAGNER. By HOUSTON STEWART CHAMBER-

LAIN. Translated from the German by G. AINSLIE HIGHT, and Revised by the Author. With numerous Photogravures, Collotypes, Facsimiles, Full-page and Text Illustrations. Medium 4to. £1 5s. net.

*Times*.—"The four parts of the book contain elaborate and exhaustive essays on Wagner's life, writings, and teaching, his art works and Bayreuth. The illustrations are beautiful as well as plentiful, and the book is one of deep interest and great weight."

### AMERICAN LANDS AND LETTERS. The Mayflower

to Rip Van Winkle. By DONALD G. MITCHELL. With numerous Full-page and Text Illustrations, Portraits, Facsimiles, &c. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

### POEMS FROM HORACE, CATULLUS, and SAPPHO,

and other Pieces. By E. G. HARMAN. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. net.

*Spectator*.—"Scholars and lovers of 'Belles Lettres' will welcome this pleasant little volume."

### ATLAS OF CLASSICAL PORTRAITS. With Brief

Descriptive Commentary. By W. H. D. ROUSE, M.A., Rugby School, sometime Fellow of Christ Church, Cambridge. 2 vols. Greek Section, Roman Section. Demy 8vo. 12. 6d. net per volume.

### The Waverley Novels of Sir Walter Scott.

A New Edition, in 48 vols. post 8vo. printed on thin paper suitable for the pocket. Introductions by Mr. CLEMENT K. SHORTER. With Portraits and Photogravure Frontispieces by Herbert Raiton. Decorated Title-Page by W. B. Macdougall. Cloth, 12. 6d. net; limp leather, 2s. net.

[See Special Prospectus.]

The following Volumes are Now Ready:—

WAVERLEY. 2 vols. THE ANTIQUARY. 2 vols.

GUY MANNERING. 2 vols. ROB ROY. 2 vols.

THE BLACK DWARF. 1 vol. OLD MORTALITY. 2 vols.

*Guardian*.—"A better pocket edition, or a prettier, for actual use, it is not easy to imagine."

Copies of the General Catalogue and of any Prospectus will be forwarded post free on application.

J. M. DENT & CO., 29 and 30 BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by STRANGEWAYS & SONS, Tower Street, W.C., and Published by FREDERIC WINNEY SABIN, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 26 February, 1898.



## REVIEWS.

## A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY SURGEON.

"Ambroise Paré and his Times, 1510-1590." By Stephen Paget. New York and London: Putnam's.

A FIRST reading of this work leaves one with a wonderfully confused impression of an interesting man and an interesting period in French history. There is a certain formlessness about the book which seems to show that the author has not sufficiently digested the facts in his possession, and has not arranged or eliminated them according to their respective importance or unimportance. Periods, again, are allowed to overlap from chapter to chapter. The introduction overlaps the first chapter; the first chapter overlaps the second; the second is a translation of Paré's "Journeys in Diverse Places," and overlaps chapter four; the third (thrown in the middle of the book) consists in notes to the journeys; the fourth harks back to Paris, and so on in a bewildering muddle. At the same time Mr. Paget deserves credit for a good plain style of writing and industry in working out his subject. Not seldom his comments throw light upon some incident in Paré's career or some curious trait of his character. To produce an artistic whole, Mr. Paget should have taken his book as it stands and entirely re-edited it.

Every one should read Ambroise Paré's own account of his thirty years' service in the army, excellently translated here. Little is known about Paré's parents or his boyhood. That his father was either a "coffretier" or a combination of barber and valet-de-chambre, and that Ambroise was born near Laval in Maine, in 1510, are both probable. Like Shakespeare, he knew little Latin and less Greek, and what education he had he gave himself. Presently he began to study surgery, in 1533 went to Paris, and ultimately qualified for his master barber-surgeonship. In 1537 he went to the wars to gain practical experience in surgery, and it was during the space of the following thirty years that he made the discoveries which rendered his name famous throughout Europe. The most important of these discoveries was connected with the treatment of amputation wounds. The problem was how to stop the bleeding from an amputated limb. In the case of an ordinary wound, a ligature was the method adopted, a method well known as early as Galen. But in the case of amputation up till Paré's time the most barbarous means had been used to stop the bleeding. In Paré's own words, "So soon as the limb was removed, they [the surgeons] would use many cauteries, both actual and potential, to stop the flow of blood, a thing very horrible and cruel in the mere telling. . . . And truly, of six thus cruelly treated, scarce two ever escaped, and even these were long ill, and the wounds thus burned were slow to heal, because the burning caused such vehement pains that they fell into fever, convulsions, and other mortal accidents; in most of them, moreover, when the scar fell off, there came fresh bleeding, which must again be stanching with the cauteries. . . . So that, for many, healing was impossible, and they had an ulcer to the end of their lives, which prevented them from having an artificial limb." The idea of abolishing such cruelty by using the ligature occurred to him in one of his war journeys (about 1552), and his success went beyond his own expectations. His other chief discovery was made within a few hours of his joining the army. It was believed by all the surgeons of the day that there was poison in a gunshot wound because of the powder, and one of the accepted authorities insisted that they must be cauterised "with oil of elders scalding hot, mixed with a little treacle." The pain was, of course, intolerable. It so happened that at his first treatment of gunshot wounds Paré's oil ran short, and he used instead "a digestive made of the yolks of eggs, oil of roses, and turpentine." To his surprise, he found next morning that the patients he had treated in the latter way were in far better condition than the others. "Then I resolved never more to burn thus cruelly poor men with gunshot wounds."

It does indeed make one shudder to read about surgical operations in those days. The Duc de Guise, for instance, was wounded before Boulogne by a thrust

of a lance which entered above the right eye and passed out on the other side between the ear and the back of the neck. The head of the lance and a piece of the wood remained fast. Paré volunteered to pull it out with a smith's pincers. The Duc de Guise agreed. Paré then asked him if he might put his foot on the Duke's face in order to get a better leverage. "Why not?" said the Duke; "Would I not rather you did me a little harm for my great good, than forbid you to help me for fear of a pain that will pass in a moment?" Paré, then, using his utmost strength, tore the lance-head out; and the Duke showed no sign of agony, except by once murmuring, "Ah, mon Dieu!" Truly some of these men must have had iron nerves and constitutions. The Duc de Guise survived this operation, apparently without further discomfort, and died by assassination. We read of others, not only common soldiers, but also kings and nobles, recovering from wounds in which insanitary conditions had actually bred worms and maggots. It is horrible merely to think upon. Paré himself did much to effect a revolution in the sanitary treatment of patients. See, for example, the means by which he accomplished the cure of the Marquis d'Auret, and his general rules regarding the diet and comfort of sick people. He was also an expert in bandaging; he understood and practised "massage;" he knew how to produce local anæsthesia, and was opposed to immoderate bleeding. On the other hand, he was to a considerable extent superstitious. He believed in stars influencing disease; in the Divine origin of plague as punishment for men's sins; in spontaneous generation (but did not Tyndall also?); in the devil, evil spirits, and witchcraft; in the power of saints to cure diseases; in the royal touch for the King's evil, and so forth.

There is indeed an engagingly naïve, almost childlike, side to Paré's character. In his "Journeys in Diverse Places," from which we have quoted, are to be found such marginal notes as these, written by himself and appended to various incidents: "Temoignage de la dextérité de l'Auteur.—A. P.;" "Adresse de l'Auteur.—A. P.;" "Charité de l'Auteur.—A. P.;" "Brave reponse.—A. P." (alluding, of course, to himself), &c. But his was a frank vanity; and after all, when he wrote his "Journeys" he was a surgeon of the first distinction, "premier chirurgien du Roy," and, more than this, he was an old man between seventy-five and eighty years of age, who had achieved great and deserved success. Nowadays such childlike vanity is not, alas! confined to the old age of successful men. There was also another and a totally different side to Paré's character. He had all the cleverness that circumstances often force upon a radically simple nature. At a time when Huguenots and Catholics were at each others' throats, he contrived to leave it in doubt, religious man though he appears to have been, as to which form of religion he accepted. Strongly suspected of being a Huguenot, the king nevertheless gave him refuge on St. Bartholomew's Day, and to this day it is doubtful whether he was Catholic or Huguenot. It is true he married a Catholic, and the wedding took place in a Catholic church; but the mere fact of the king offering him shelter shows that the king himself doubted his orthodoxy. He and his wife were buried in a Catholic cemetery, and his children were brought up in the Catholic faith. Assuredly he was a skilful time-server in the best sense of that word. All men are compelled unfortunately to graduate as time-servers; but there are very few among the greater spirits of an age who, like Paré, yield to the "force majeure" and at the same time do their utmost to benefit their fellow-men from highest to lowest. It is not possible to read without a thrill the appeal of the old man of eighty to the Archbishop of Lyon, who, when the people of besieged Paris were dying in the streets of hunger, was furious against any idea of peace with the heretic Henry IV., nor can we refuse our admiration to the man who spoke his mind again and again uncompromisingly to those in high places who could have ruined him at a word. When, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the King said to Paré that everybody must now turn Catholic, Paré replied, "By the light of God, Sire, I think you remember your promise never to command these four things of me: To enter again into my

mother's womb, to look after myself in battle, to leave your service, and to go to Mass." This, by the way, shows that he may have been either a Huguenot or a kind of "broad" Catholic. If there is a blot on his fair fame, history may account it to be his complicity in the poisoning of a cook with a supposed bezoar-stone in order to test the value of an antidote to the poison (which was probably corrosive sublimate). But, after all, the cook had been condemned to death and himself expressed willingness to try this means of escaping capital punishment, for he had been promised release if the antidote succeeded. We must also remember that in one of the most intolerant and cruel of ages Paré was at once wide in his sympathies (note his answer to the Queen-Mother on the subject of the other world) and the humanest of men. Let us use in our judgment of him Paré's own good-natured answer to an anonymous critic: let us "lay aside prejudices, and be gentle in our treatment of 'le bon vieillard.'" It remains only to be added that the publishers are to be congratulated on the letterpress as well as on the copious and excellent illustrations to this work.

#### DR. BRANDES ON SHAKESPEARE.

"William Shakespeare. A Critical Study." By George Brandes. 2 vols. London: Heinemann.

SIXTY years ago the poet Campbell remarked, "We are glad to listen to every one who has travelled through the kingdoms of Shakespeare," and though guide-books have multiplied since then, the investigation of those magical provinces is as fascinating as ever. The traveller whose record lies before us in two very handsome volumes is worthy, for his own sake, of more than customary attention. Dr. George Brandes, the most eminent critic whom Scandinavia has produced in the course of her literary existence, is better known, perhaps, in every other country than he is in England. In Germany, Russia and Holland his authority is greater than that of any native censor, while in Italy and even in France, his dicta command respectful attention. In England alone, save for one or two sparse translations of the least weighty of his volumes, Dr. Brandes has hitherto attracted much less than his due. The cause, perhaps, is that his critical investigations have led him, in the main, to emphasise those links between the modern literatures of the Continent of Europe from which England is exempt. He has not, until lately, given much thought to our literature. His volume on the revival of our poetry ("Naturalism in England," 1875) is perhaps the one in his repertory which stands most in need of revision. But he has at last paid to the literature of this country a tribute of the highest importance.

The "William Shakespeare" of Dr. Brandes is not absolutely a new book. It was published about two years ago, simultaneously in Danish and in German. Throughout the Continent of Europe it has been received with enthusiasm, as the most mature expression of biographical criticism up to date. It is now subjected to the severest ordeal, it is submitted to the tribunal of English taste and knowledge. As has been often said, to form a synthetic impression of the writings of Shakespeare is a task requiring gifts of a very unusual order. Destructive criticism, the faculty which creeps into worm-holes and weighs the wings of gnats, is not a rare quality or bent upon an enterprise difficult of attainment. As Dr. Furness says, "To confound Goethe, Schlegel or Tieck is one thing, to elucidate Shakespeare is another." As we lay down these volumes of Dr. Brandes, we feel that praise for the greater gift is indubitably his. He does not startle us with a novel scheme, he adds (it is almost needless to say) nothing to our positive store of fact about the poet's career, his book is in no degree violent or paradoxical. Epoch-making discoveries, founded upon chains of audacious conjecture, form no part of Dr. Brandes' scheme. But his book sums up, with masterly lucidity, all that scholarship, in its sanest movements, has contrived to secure regarding the life and aims of the greatest of poets.

There can be no question that a distinct advantage is gained by the fact that Dr. Brandes is not, in the first instance, addressing an English public. He is speaking

immediately to the Scandinavian and German readers who, familiar with the text of Shakespeare, are not equally conversant with the facts of history and the products of literature which surrounded them. If he speaks of Essex or of Chapman, he has to indicate rapidly what Chapman wrote and what Essex did. Here comes into play his skill as an arranger of narrative concentrated on a single point, and in this kind of illustration he has no living superior. His book, thus conceived and carried out, becomes a kind of summary of all that is best in the enormous Shakespearean literature of the century. About a hundred and twenty years have elapsed since Lessing first began the intelligent analysis of the dramas. It would be ingratitude to forget what a mighty matter Edmund Malone set rolling when he published his "Attempt to Ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays," in 1778. We do not find the name of Malone or of Lessing in the index of Dr. Brandes, whose business it is to construct a final image of his subject rather than give us in detail the record of successive manipulation. But we are convinced that he would admit that his conception of the poet fills up the outlines first drawn by these sound and reasonable critics.

What particularly marks Dr. Brandes' attitude to Shakespeare is his determination to treat him precisely as other great writers are treated by historical and biographical investigators. The assumption, too often indulged of late in England, that what we call "Shakespeare" is rather a book than a man, is an amalgam of literature mysteriously and almost supernaturally produced, not to be examined as if it were the outcome of a single mind—for this Dr. Brandes has no sort of indulgence. He admits that a biography of Shakespeare is difficult, but he denies that it is impossible. He considers that a close mosaic of all the minute facts which the industry of three centuries has patched together presents us at length with the portrait of a life which is by no means indistinct or abnormally studded with lacunæ. The excellent summary of Mr. Sidney Lee, issued in the "Dictionary of National Biography" since the original publication of Dr. Brandes' volumes, has further prepared us for a reaction in this respect. To say that we know next to nothing of Shakespeare's life is absurd. As Dr. Brandes says: "We possess documents, contracts, legal records; we can cite utterances of contemporaries, allusions to works of Shakespeare's and to passages in them, quotations, fierce attacks, outbursts of spite and hatred, touching testimonies to his worth as a man and the loveliness of his nature, evidence of the early recognition of his talent as an actor, of his reputation as a narrative poet and of his popularity as a dramatist." Those who say that we know nothing of Shakespeare, should ask themselves how much we know of his most prominent poetical contemporaries, Spenser and Ben Jonson, and should contrast the fulness of our evidence in his case with the absolute blank regarding Webster or Beaumont or Peele.

The moderation with which Dr. Brandes treats most of the moot questions concerning the movements of Shakespeare is well exemplified by his treatment of the suggestion that the poet visited Italy in the winter of 1592, when the London theatres were closed on account of the Plague. The chapter in which he deals with this subject of speculation offers an excellent instance of Dr. Brandes' method. Karl Elze, as is known, vehemently insisted that Shakespeare must have travelled in Italy, and quite an anthology of instances of special knowledge has been collected, especially from "The Taming of the Shrew" and "The Merchant of Venice," for the purpose of proving that the poet had walked through Portia's palace at Belmont, and had stood before Correggio's "Jupiter and Io" at Milan. But Dr. Brandes points out, with exemplary caution, that scholars have been far too eager to discover confirmation for every slight Italian allusion. Elze, finding that Shakespeare calls Giulio Romano a sculptor, and that no sculpture by that artist exists, far from being abashed, quotes the English poet's praise as another proof of his omniscience, and contends that Giulio Romano must have produced sculpture, because the Divine William says that he did. This is the very craziness of idolatry.

When he approaches those "still-veit Bermoothes,"



the Sonnets, Dr. Brandes arrays himself with confidence in the ranks of those who believe "Mr. W. H." to have been William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. At the present moment, opinion in England rather tends again to the Southampton theory, and the defenders of this view will not appreciate the exceedingly cavalier way in which the Danish critic sweeps their client off the board. We have to confess that the interminable wranglings on this obscure and surely not extremely important point have long ceased greatly to interest us. The "Sonnets" themselves we possess, and who that "onlie begetter" of them may have been, the "Mr. W. H." to whom "T. T." somewhat impertinently undertook to wish "all happiness and that eternity promised by our ever-living poet," seems to be of trifling importance. Meanwhile, on the greater matter, Dr. Brandes' comparison of Shakespeare's Sonnets with those of Michelangelo is a brilliant piece of critical virtuosity.

One of the comparatively few instances in which Dr. Brandes adopts a view in opposition to the consensus of English opinion occurs in his account of "The Tempest." He accepts, without difficulty, the theory that this play was written for a private audience on the occasion of a wedding, and that this event was the union of the Princess Elizabeth with the Palatine in 1613. This idea, though propounded in 1797 by Chalmers and supported by Tieck, has not found favour with English scholars. It was revived in 1889 by Dr. Garnett, who brought many and cogent arguments to bear in its favour. He failed, however, to persuade the pundits of Shakespearean criticism to yield on a point so generally admitted as the composition of "The Tempest" in 1610, or, at latest, 1611, which was where Malone left it. Dr. Brandes roundly describes the memorandum by the Master of the Revels a forgery. This is not quite an exhaustive definition of the Revels Accounts, which seem to be copies of lost, but quite genuine, documents. But we must not touch here on the Dreyfus Case of Shakespeareanism, the dense obscurity of the "Tempest" *bordereau*. Enough to point out that Dr. Garnett receives from Dr. Brandes an unexpected confirmation of a view that has otherwise scarcely received due consideration. Meanwhile—and without giving our definite adherence to the Royal Wedding theory—we will suggest an illustration on that side which we believe is novel. Prospero says (act iv., scene 1):—

"I must  
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,  
And they expect it of me."

But no such promise had been made to Ferdinand and Miranda, and it is arguable that the allusion must be to the "young couple," for whose nuptials the play was written. These lines may be taken to prove that the Masque was from Shakespeare's own pen, and not an interpolation, while they also seem to imply an apology for introducing a show into the middle of his piece.

The translation of Dr. Brandes' extensive work is prepared under the inspection of Mr. William Archer, and mainly by his own hand. It is worthy of all commendation, being in itself graceful and flowing, and yet scrupulously close to the text of the original. It is well that we possess at last a translation so eminently satisfactory of what is certainly the best existing general view of the life and labours of Shakespeare.

#### CUBA IN WAR TIME.

"Cuba in War Time." By Richard Harding Davis.  
London: Heinemann.

MR. DAVIS might have written a record of the Cuban rebellion, or he might have drawn a picture of Cuba as it is, or, again, he might have evolved a political pamphlet; but he has chosen to combine these three essentially different tasks, and the result is that his book, while it is readable enough, is irritatingly spasmodic. Its chief value lies in the account which Mr. Davis gives of the sufferings of the "Pacíficos" or non-combatants, who are harried by the rebels and persecuted by the authorities. We are reminded of that regulation made by Solon at Athens, which made it a criminal

offence for a man to remain neutral in times of strife. General Weyler compelled the "Pacíficos" to leave their estates and assemble within the towns, where they are being decimated by disease and starvation. If they leave the towns, they are murdered by the rebels. We gather from this book that, as regards the more humane virtues, there is little to choose between rebels and Spaniards. But Mr. Davis might with advantage have explained several points which only an eye-witness could explain. For instance, no one in Europe seems to know how far the present rebellion is a rising of Spanish colonists and how far it is a mutiny of negroes and half-castes. It does not help us to be told vaguely that while the last rebellion was "organized by the aristocrats," the present one is "a revolution of the *pueblo*." Mr. Davis says roundly that most of the Spanish officers are deliberately prolonging the war, in order that they may draw extra pay, and have a cheap chance of winning decorations. He makes some judicious remarks about the folly of believing all the current stories about "atrocities," but we gather that his own method was to believe anything told him by Englishmen or Americans, unless they happened to be journalists. This charming receptivity must have made Mr. Davis a delightful companion, but we fear that it destroys, to some extent, his claim to be a judicial historian.

The book ends with an appeal to the American people to interfere in Cuba, and Mr. Davis supports his argument by the curious plea that the British Government recently demolished the kingdom of Benin because of the atrocities there committed. Surely the American Jingo has fallen on evil days when he has to turn to British policy to justify his ideals. It is interesting to note that Mr. Davis discreetly ignores the Spanish contention that the Cuban war would have been over long before this had the insurgents not received systematic, although unofficial, help in arms, men, and money from the United States. He admits that International Law does not give the Americans the least excuse for interference, but, after all, what does the law of nations matter to the citizens of a free and enlightened Republic? One sentence in the book contains a most delicious description of American policy.—

"We have been too considerate, too fearful that, as a younger nation, we should appear to disregard the laws laid down by older nations. We have tolerated what no European Power would have tolerated."

We venture to say that this is the first time the Americans have been accused of too much susceptibility to the requirements of international comity. The chapter from which we have quoted this extract is interesting at the present moment in view of recent developments.

Mr. Davis writes in a language which we presume to be American; at any rate it is not English to write a plural verb after the word "each." We should not have noticed such a blemish, for, after all, the matter of such a book is more important than the manner, were it not that the author, in a chapter ("The Death of Rodriguez") which reads like a parody of Mr. Stephen Crane's style, deliberately sets himself up as a literary artist. The book is pleasantly illustrated by Mr. Frederic Remington "from personal observation while in Cuba, and from photographs, and descriptions furnished by eye-witnesses."

#### MR. HENLEY'S BURNS.

"Burns: Life, Genius, Achievement." By W. E. Henley. Edinburgh: T. C. & E. C. Jack.

THOSE who have prompted, and those who have effected, the production of this essay in its present form, have certainly laid the world of letters under a considerable obligation. There may well be many students for whom the Centenary Burns is an unattainable luxury; but for all of us, whether rich or poor, Mr. Henley's essay is an absolutely indispensable article of literary furniture. There will be many, no doubt, who will protest tearfully or wrathfully against his methods and his conclusions; and to these, the Pious Burnsites of his scorn, the essay is even more strictly needful than to those whole-minded scholars who need no salvation from sentimentality. We are

willing to consider it an amiable weakness that would extenuate every fault and veil every vice in a hero's character; but, in the last analysis, it is seen to be as harmful to real understanding as that opposite, but equally vulgar, historical method which seeks only to dig out forgotten scandal and discover to the offended sky heaps of rotting garbage. To Mr. Henley, and the school of criticism which he may fairly be said to have founded, the limits of biography are straitly and rigidly set. In general, he will have no curious inquiries into the private doings of those of whom it is enough to know that they have added thus much, or thus little, to the sum of the world's artistic achievements. But the laws of discretion must needs be interpreted with more elasticity when there is to do with such a man as Burns, whose history has been overlaid with so much that is vulgar in sentiment and false in fact, that hardly shall you see the real figure, hardly hear the real voice, for the crowd and chorus of the maudlin. It was high time that the rubbish should be cleared away and the definitive attempt made to declare the exact relationship between the man's life and the poet's achievement. The attempt, as conducted by Mr. Henley, is entirely pertinent; for the "instincts immature" and the "purposes unsure"—Mr. Henley will forgive us for quoting Browning in this connexion—must count for much in the final estimate of Burns.

It is rash to assert that finality in criticism is ever attainable, but we confess our belief that Mr. Henley has attained it here. All that scholarly industry and humane sympathy can do has here been done to present the material for an ultimate verdict; and we cannot imagine that any future historian of the Bard—as it is Mr. Henley's pet affectation to call him—will be able to show cause why this supremely sane judgment should be reversed, or even modified on any major count. Certainly nothing is more singularly admirable than the completeness of the critic's detachment from any personal prejudices. Only in one or two outbreaks of opinion on quite accidental matters is there any hint of that violently aristocratic hatred of inferior artistry which some of Mr. Henley's warmest admirers have sometimes had occasion to deplore. And after all, no lover of Browning need be seriously angry with Mr. Henley because he thinks that "ridiculous" is the fittest epithet for such a confessed grotesque as "Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis;" and certainly, for our own part, if Mr. Henley wishes "The Man of Feeling" to be delivered over to the tormentors, we are not inclined to protest, even although we feel that "disgusting" is a curiously unhappy description of the book in question. These exaggerations do nothing to decrease the value of Mr. Henley's criticism of Burns; which is seen, on more intimate acquaintance, to be even more justly balanced, more profoundly and passionately humane, than it seemed when first received. We recall no piece of criticism in English or any other literature which adheres with more consistent loyalty to the highest essential ideal of such work. It had scarce been surprising if Mr. Henley's virile contempt for the sentimentalists had led him to emphasise a shade too strongly the flaws and fissures in the poet's character; yet it is plain that the temptation was hardly felt and never yielded to. In dealing with this matter, all that a very large and noble charity can urge by way of extenuation is manfully set down; due weight, and no more, is allowed to the influences that, during the early years at Mount Oliphant, and, later, in Edinburgh, wrought so powerfully upon his untamable peasant's nature. In the end, there can be no serious dissent from Mr. Henley's verdict that "we must accept [Burns] frankly and without reserve for a peasant of genius perverted from peasanthood, thrust into a place for which his peasanthood and his genius alike unfitted him, denied a perfect opportunity, constrained to live his qualities into defects, and in the long-run beaten by a sterile and unnatural environment." It is useless to deny that the primordial passions were strong in him, that pride and imprudence and selfishness were not the most potent factors in his ruin; and we frankly decline to believe that the Burns who wrote so edifyingly to his "Young Friend" on the desirability of luxuriantly indulging in the "sacred love o' weel-plac'd love" bore any vital relationship to

the Burns of "The Holy Fair" and "Halloween;" which is to say, the real Burns.

So, too, we are wholly at one with Mr. Henley when, dismissing Burns's English poems as something less than tolerable, he declares his supreme quality to be humour, his only perfect medium the vernacular; and it is worth while to draw attention to the note, on page 264, on Wordsworth's attempts to do in England what Burns had done in Scotland—a note which expresses with admirable subtlety and lucidity, what fifty people have tried to say before, and failed in the saying. The acuteness of Mr. Henley's judgment is perhaps nowhere more plain than in his handling of the question of Burns's indebtedness to his immediate literary ancestors, an intricate matter which the critic has "touched with a needle." With infinite care he discriminates between the original and the borrowed; and if the result of his inquiry is to prove that Burns conveyed more of his thematic material than had been supposed from older sources, it does not in the least detract from his marvellous genius for assimilating and glorifying the borrowed ideas. And Mr. Henley's is, and will probably remain, the last word about Burns and his poetry; unless, indeed, some one in search of the fantastic should desire to institute a comparison, or a contrast, between Burns and Verlaine. Something might be said on the matter, certainly; though, as Burns frankly rejoiced in the fulfilment of his own weaknesses, while Verlaine purged his debauches of absinthe with debauches of lustral tears, the comparison would be all in favour of the Frenchman. We cheerfully present the idea to the sentimental and the fantastic; being in the meantime well content to have received from Mr. Henley a work which approves its author a critic of the finest temper, and is for us all a possession of abiding significance and worth.

#### LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

"The Principles of Local Government." By George Laurence Gomme. Westminster: Constable.

AREAS of Local Government" would be the more fitting title for this course of seven lectures delivered to the London School of Economics last year. It is true that Mr. Gomme devotes the latter part of his book to a discussion of the functions of local government, with a brief mention of the subject of local taxation; but his main topic is that of area. A very important topic it is, too, for preliminary consideration. Mr. Gomme would probably argue, and he would be right, that for a proper conception of local government as a science you must first be clear as to what a locality is. It is very evident that Parliament, with all its vast endowment of wisdom, has been anything but clear upon that point. Until 1888 our alleged English genius for local government was nothing but the capacity for grubbing along in a muddle without coming to an absolute standstill. We had no system whatever, but only some 27,000 uncorrelated local authorities with conflicting duties, overlapping areas, separate sets of officials, and multiplication of accounts. We are by no means free from confusion yet, but the Acts of 1888 and 1894, with all their glaring faults of omission and commission, made a beginning of order, mainly because in this matter of area they were based upon the principle not of creating localities by legislation, but of recognising actual localities, areas of community of interest. An ingenious set of officials at Whitehall may take a blank map and divide it into sections, and laws may be passed making such sections administrative areas for all sorts of purposes. That was the plan under which most of the 27,000 boards, councils, commissions and other authorities were created. But such areas are not localities in the sense in which our counties, boroughs and parishes are. These latter are organic localities that have common interests and an origin, not in legislation, but in the natural growth of society. The beginning of legislative wisdom in this matter, and of local government as an ordered system instead of a chaos, is in correlation between area and function. Mr. Gomme contends that the localities "formed by the common interests of a community dating for centuries back" are the proper administrative areas for all local



government purposes, and brings to the support of his argument a rare knowledge of their history and origin, so much, indeed, as to be overweighted with it and lose himself occasionally in mere antiquarianism. For this reason much of what he tells us is only interesting as archæology, with but a very remote bearing, if any, upon the problems of to-day. In this, too, we seem to notice a tendency to arrive, by a different route, at the very same error that he so properly condemns when it is committed by the legislative map-dividers—want of correlation between area and function. He insists upon the historic as the true areas. But as a matter of fact the historic areas are not always the organic localities of to-day. They did not develop up to a certain point and become fixed for ever. New influences and new functions of local administration come in, and the locality of yesterday may be as unrelated to the needs of to-day as any mere section of an arbitrarily marked map would be. The formation of the county of London in response to modern necessity, and the consequent utter destruction of the old historic boundaries of the home counties, is a case in point. What we object to, therefore, is not legislative interference with historic areas, for that is continuously needed, but interference without regard to organic unity. It would be unfair to urge this as a dogmatic criticism against Mr. Gomme, for he does not claim in this book to have done more than define his subject and give us a preliminary general survey of a question that would need many volumes for exhaustive analysis; while in his sixth lecture he touches very briefly upon a "theory of development" that might cover our point. But the earlier lectures are so steeped in antiquarian reverence for mere tradition that the criticism is justified. He goes even to the point of speaking kindly of the absurdity that allows an odd acre or so of Clerkenwell detached to exist at Muswell Hill, and a tiny island of Hornsey to break the continuity of North London, where they cannot in the nature of things be properly administered. The retention of ancient boundaries in such cases may be archæologically interesting, but it is a nuisance and a hindrance to all good administration.

We have left ourselves little space to discuss Mr. Gomme's interesting and thoughtful chapter on the functions of local government; but we would point out that his generalisation that "the primary test of whether a particular service is properly a function of local government is whether it is a service of such general utility that its inefficiency or abandonment would cause damage to the community" commits him to a great deal more than the municipalisation of gas, water and locomotion. It would certainly cover the municipalisation of all house accommodation, of the food supply, of coal, clothing and so forth. Jewellery would be beyond its scope, but except for that and a few such odd items as roller-skates, silk hats and patent medicines, it would be hard to say what might not be brought in as an object of "general utility." For our part, we are inclined to mistrust generalisations upon this topic, and to regard the principle of public control as a matter to be settled in a business-like way upon the merits of particular cases as they arise for discussion, and according to the circumstances of particular localities, rather than upon theory. But we can cordially endorse Mr. Gomme's protest against the discussion of the matter by epithets. It does not settle anything to call the private capitalist a brigand on the one hand or to describe proposals for the public control of an industry as "rank socialism" on the other. Nine-tenths of the press and platform utterances upon this question are nothing but variations upon one or other of these futile epithets.

#### MILTON A SENTIMENTAL PRIG.

"Mary Powell, and its Sequel, *Deborah's Diary*." With an Introduction by the Rev. W. H. Hutton, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. London: Nimmo. New York: Scribner's.

MR. NIMMO has already republished two volumes ("The Household of Sir Thomas More" and "Cherry and Violet: a Tale of the Great Plague") by the authoress of the reprint before us. The Rev. M. Hutton again supplies the introduction, and twenty-six

illustrations are again conscientiously contributed by Messrs. John Jellicoe and Herbert Railton. It is not easy to say much in favour of this scheme of resuscitating Miss Manning (by the way, why is not her name given on the title-page?) except that Mr. Hutton's introductions are quite adequate to their purpose, and that the twenty-six illustrations are all there—we have counted them. Those of our readers who know not Miss Manning (and they are probably legion) will be interested to learn that "Mary Powell" consists in the fictitious diary of that young person written just before meeting Milton and continued till their reconciliation after marriage; whilst "*Deborah's Diary*" is supposed to be the journal kept by the poet's daughter in the year he composed "*Paradise Lost*." As for the two stories themselves, we can only discern one quality of any literary value—a sense of pathos, not of the cheapest kind. Note, for instance, the dexterous way in which the mournfulness of the sonnet beginning, "When I consider how my Light is spent," is brought out; nor is this a solitary passage. For the rest, in Miss Manning's pages, we seem to be living in a world of prigs, male and female, who speak and write in a mosaic of ancient and modern English as curious as the Latin and Greek composed by our scholars of to-day would be to the Greeks and Romans of old. Andrew Marvell, Jeremy Taylor and other well-known figures in literature flit through the pages of the diaries—just to give an air of "local colour"—and disappear after venting a few wearisome platitudes. Milton himself is represented as a prig of the epicene order: which very likely he was. We will not quarrel with such a portrait of the man who was known as "the lady" of his college. But beyond his priggery and epicenity we are not much advanced in our knowledge of the man. Apparently he was very peevish on occasion; very bitter on the subject of women, treating them in much the same fashion as Tennyson's ideal gentleman, King Arthur, treated Guinevere when she implored his pardon; and full of self-pity—surely a pardonable fault in a blind man. The truth is that Miss Manning was not equal to the task she had undertaken. To depict Milton in love, and to realise the full pity of his blindness, would need the pen of a prose poet like Tourgenieff. As Miss Manning's work stands, it is pleasant-enough reading; one is not disturbed by any violent emotions; the hero is delicately in love and delicately blind—a Milton of the afternoon tea-table. It only remains to be said that Mr. Nimmo has issued the book in excellent form: paper, type and size could scarcely be improved upon.

#### PASTEUR.

"Pasteur." By Percy Frankland, F.R.S., and Mrs. Percy Frankland. Cassell.

MR. AND MRS. FRANKLAND have the necessary knowledge of scientific bacteriology to set out clearly the main facts in Pasteur's career, and their practice in writing for the general public has enabled them to make their book attractive. They make a due acknowledgment of indebtedness to the fascinating volumes of M. Vallery-Radot and of M. Duclaux, and we make bold to regret that a still greater indebtedness had not existed, for in elegance and charm of presentation the French biographers have transcended their English successors. In an actual scientific memoir, written in French, the graceful precision of form and the well-poised ornamentation tend to repel a plain Englishman. He feels about these, as a suburban household of its drawing-room furniture, that plainer things consort better with the work of life. But when the subject is story rather than exposition even an Englishman has an appetite for elegance, and, having drifted into the French volumes, we regret the home-spun of the Franklands. Simple translations would have been admirable.

None the less, in any form, the story of Pasteur's life-work is captivating, and Mr. and Mrs. Frankland's volume should delight a great army of readers. The characteristic note of his work was its procreative power. He himself passed rapidly from subject to subject, leaving in each discovery the foundation of a new branch of science. A dozen great reputations, and great fields of research tilled diligently by armies

of workers, owe their origin to him. The influence of the great master is strangely different in science and in the arts. In literature, in music, or in painting, he whom we worship as great trails after him a tail of degenerate imitators; not unfrequently it happens that the sedulous apeing of his school cheapens for us the master's work. But in science it is different; a discovery once made cannot be imitated; however large the crowd of disciples, it can only draw a reflected glory by pushing further forward the advances of the master, or win a directer glory by making discoveries still greater. In either case the reputation of the master increases with that of his pupils.

Professor and Mrs. Frankland make the successive course of Pasteur's discoveries, and the resulting schools of investigation, exceedingly clear. His earliest work was an investigation of the relation of crystals to light. A particular kind of tartaric acid had no effect on polarised light; another kind, otherwise apparently identical, was known to twist the plane of polarisation to the right. Pasteur discovered that the active crystals were not identical with the others, but that while the inactive were symmetrical, the active had a set of lop-sided facets; they stood in the same relation to their reflected images as a right-hand glove stands to a left-hand glove. Next, by treating in a peculiar way the inactive crystals, he was able to produce the right-handed crystals, and, in addition, a new set of crystals that had never been seen before, and that were the left-hand complements of the right-handed crystals. This discovery, afterwards pushed further by Wislicenus, led to an entirely new and fertile branch of chemistry—what is called stereo-chemistry, the study of the space-relations of the atoms of a molecule. Intimately connected with this, and depending partly upon it, is the great progress that has been made in artificial synthesis of organic compounds. Pursuing his investigations into these crystals, Pasteur made the remarkable discovery that only the right-handed crystals could be acted upon by the bacteria of fermentation. For a long time, he worked at the peculiar relations between asymmetry and life, and was led to form many remarkable theoretical conclusions. These, however, have come to little, and wait for future investigators: Pasteur passed on from fermenting solutions to the organisms which produce fermentation. Every one knows how his investigation of putrefaction and fermentation led, on the one hand, to an extraordinary amount of work of practical commercial value connected with brewing, wine-making and other industries, and on the other, to the whole of modern antiseptic and aseptic surgery.

Pasteur's investigations into the silkworm disease, into fowl-cholera and anthrax led him to establish the relation between disease and the presence of specific living organisms, and so to lay the foundation of all modern bacteriology and pathology and the greater part of preventive medicine. From the earliest time at which he was studying these microbes of disease, his mind was occupied constantly with the question of producing immunity. Going back to the empirical conclusions of Jenner, he was led, after turning from many blind alleys, to the conception that the virus of a disease—that is to say, the set of organisms causing it—might be attenuated, might be altered by abnormal conditions of life so as to cause a modified and less severe form of the disease, which none the less would render the affected creature more or less immune to future attacks of the untamed microbe. To the end of his life he was occupied chiefly with experimental studies in the production of such vaccines or attenuated viruses, and, as every one knows, his disciples in this mode of study are in the van of the modern battle against disease. Those who wish to get a simple and clear idea of how, gradually, Pasteur's original conception of the tamed microbe developed into our modern ideas of toxins and anti-toxins will find the clearest guide in this little book.

#### ROME AND HER PRIESTHOOD.

"Twelve Years in a Monastery." By Joseph McCabe.  
London: Smith, Elder.

ALTHOUGH Mr. McCabe's title would lead one to suppose that his book dealt with the monastic

career and with monastic regimen generally, he has really for his scope a much wider subject—the arraignment, in a word, from a highly personal point of view of the whole official system of the Roman Catholic Church. His method is, after all, the only possible one of analysing his own experiences and of tracing his intellectual development to the final and inevitable end of a formal secession from the Church of Rome. It is impossible to read these pages with an open mind without a conviction of Mr. McCabe's sincerity. He is naturally very anxious that he should succeed in carrying that conviction to the hearts of his readers, but there is all the difference between the desire and the accomplishment. It seems to us that Mr. McCabe was singularly unfortunate in his original choice of a career. Without any apparent delight in the idea—indeed as a sort of indifferent alternative he started his studies for a Civil Service examination—he drifted into the religious life of the Roman Church under the mild persuasions of a lay-brother. It is possible at once to follow the secret thread of his progress from that moment. Having no real fervour, as one imagines, in the life he had chosen, but interested chiefly in the formalism of the thing, its official aspect, its intricacies of rule and government, he gradually came to find that the tightening of the spiritual bond was a weariness and an oppression of the spirit. Such a one as this quickly tires. He has not the motive-power to support him in his daily routine. Bit by bit the convictions that would perhaps have stayed with him as faint reminders and possibly as outspoken beliefs if he had not had to call upon them for the support of his whole being in time of trial, depression and difficulty, slip from his mind, until he begins to adopt a definitely controversial attitude towards them. Once that step has been taken the end is inevitable. It may come soon or late, but whenever it comes it carries with it a profound hostility to the system that has inflicted the evils from which the man has suffered. Such has clearly been the case with Mr. McCabe; he has walked the whole weary way, and in the bitterness of his soul he has made his indictment. And it stands.

He has written a very ingenious, a very persuasive, and a very acrid book. It is true that a little less bitterness would have made it more pleasant reading, and for that reason it would have perhaps been better if he had waited a little time before he came to the conclusion of publishing such a work. At present he confuses that which is really reprehensible in the system which he arraigns with minor details of conduct which have nothing of guile in them. The effect is to throw the book into a certain disproportion of construction. He has strong views, and rightly, upon the practice of the Roman Church in not only permitting but also persuading young men and women of tender age to make solemn covenants about their future which they are obviously unable to understand at the time. This is, of course, a matter of grave moment. When, however, he tells with equal gravity and reproach that the friars of a certain monastery are in the habit of smoking cigars, you cannot but feel that he has found a too disproportionate method of explaining the inequalities of guilt in the two cases. This is a fault which is noticeable throughout, and after a time makes the reader cautious in accepting the tone for the gravity of an accusation. With this exception, the book strikes one as conspicuously fair. Mr. McCabe marshals his facts together, indeed, in no spirit of compassion or tenderness for the Roman Church; but for the most part he lets those facts speak for themselves. He finds as the result of the practice of confession, first, a grievous humiliation, then a dulling of conscience, and, finally, a sense of shamelessness with a sort of *carte blanche* for future peccadilloes. But he is careful to point out that there are probably few personal scandals as between confessor and penitent. Again, he complains of the terrible restraint upon liberty which the whole spirit of Romanism entails upon the mind, but his complaint is based on actual events; he denounces the methods used in the giving of a clerical education as narrowing, and as tending to produce a machine of bigotry rather than a thinking man, yet it must be confessed that he explains the steps of that education with care and accuracy; he details out of the fulness of a hard experience the exquisite arrangements



that exist to harass the steps of a priest about to secede, yet without a syllable of exaggeration either in his tone or in his facts. In a word he lays bare the intimate forces which drove him out of the Roman Church in a spirit of (as near as may be) judicious impartiality by the sheer record of his own career. For this reason we rather imagine that a fervent Roman Catholic will say of this record, "These things are so; and it is my religion to believe they should be so." The Agnostic will, on the other hand, judge Romanism by Mr. McCabe's own premises. The half-seceding Romanist will probably find clear reasons in it again for immediate action backwards or forwards. For, as in all argument, the thing is brought down in this book to first principles, and we thank Mr. McCabe for having stated them so clearly.

#### THE JOURNAL OF A POLISH COUNTESS.

"The Journal of Countess Françoise Krasinski, great-grandmother of Victor Emmanuel." Translated from the Polish by Kasimir Dziekonski. London: Kegan Paul.

THIS is a charming little volume. The Countess, Françoise Krasinski, who came of an old and noble Polish house, was one of four sisters, all of whom were very fascinating. In natural and piquant language she thus describes them when verging on womanhood,—

"The courtiers tell me often I am the handsomest, but I am sure I do not see it; we all have the bearing becoming young ladies of high station, daughters of a Staroste; we are straight as poplars, with complexions white as snow and cheeks pink as roses; our waists, especially when Madame ties us fast in our stays, can be, as they say, 'clasped with one hand.' In the parlour, before guests, we know how to make our curtsy, low or dégagé, according to their importance; we have been taught to sit quiet on the very edge of a stool, with our eyes cast down and our hands folded, so that one might think we were not able to count three, or were too prim even to walk out of the room easily. But people would think differently if they saw us on a summer morning, when we are allowed to go to the woods in morning gowns and without stays, puffs, coiffures, or high-heeled shoes; oh! how we climb the steep hill-sides, and run and shout and sing, till our poor Madame is quite out of breath from running and calling after us."

The first break in the family came when the elder sister of the Countess was married to a Staroste, or honorary judge. Among the quaint customs of the wedding, we read that the bride wore on her head "a rosemary wreath, held in place by a gold circlet, on which was engraved the date of the wedding, and good wishes in rhyme. According to the old Polish custom, my honoured mother fastened in the wreath a ducat, with the date of Basia's birth year, and a bit of bread for good luck; she also added to the above a lump of sugar, in order to sweeten the married life, which they say has many difficulties. No jewels were allowed, for it is said that for each precious stone worn on the wedding-day one has to pay afterwards with a vial of tears. As it is, Basia has wept enough, so that her eyes are red and swollen." In April, 1759, the Krasinski family left their old castle of Maleszow, in the provinces, to make a prolonged stay at Warsaw. Françoise, the heroine, at once took the capital by storm, by her great beauty, her grace and her amiable character. The Duke of Courland, one of the prospective candidates for the throne of Poland, fell in love with her, and married her privately. Alas! her troubles began when the Duke insisted upon the marriage being kept secret, and even when it became known, she suffered great anguish because her parents withheld their affection from her, and treated her as her "high sphere" demanded, rising in her presence always, and refusing to eat at her table. Eventually the Duke announced his marriage to the world. His beautiful wife brought him one child only, a little daughter, named Marie Christine, who became an especial favourite with the Empress Maria Theresa. The mother died in 1796, at the age of fifty-two; but her daughter lived to marry Charles de Carignan, Duke of Savoy. By him she had two

children—a daughter, Elizabeth Françoise, married to the Archduke Regnier, King of Lombardy-Venice, and second cousin of the present Emperor of Austria; and a son, Charles Albert, the father of Victor Emmanuel and of the Duke of Genoa—the latter being the father of Marguerite, the "Pearl of Savoy." Thus, both the King and Queen of Italy are the great-great-grandchildren of the writer of this very entertaining journal, which gives life-like sketches of the people and manners of her time.

#### THE LAST OF LEWIS CARROLL.

"Three Sunsets, and other Poems." By Lewis Carroll. With Twelve Fairy Fancies by E. Gertrude Thomson. London: Macmillan.

THIS reprint of Lewis Carroll's more serious poems would seem to have been one of the last things to which, before his death, he gave his attention. The preface, written by himself, bears date so recent as the January of the present year, and the event which so shortly followed may incline some to give the book an undue significance. It is, in truth, a selection of the author's least characteristic efforts, put together, it might seem, merely to give a lame excuse for the reprinting of the foolish little illustrations which accompany but have not the most shadowy reference to the text. There is a certain smoothness of technique and clarity of style about these poems, enabling the reader to relate them with other work which to these qualities added the brilliance that is here lacking. The few verses, which for the first time find publication along with this reprint, happen also to be the most worth having. There is both ease and grace in this small song of "Puck Lost and Found,"—

"Puck has fled the haunts of men:  
Ridicule has made him wary:  
In the woods, and down the glen  
No one meets a Fairy!  
"Cream!" the greedy Goblin cries—  
Empties the deserted dairy—  
Steals the spoons, and off he flies.  
Still we seek our Fairy!  
"Ah! What form is entering?  
Love-lit eyes and laughter airy!  
Is not this a better thing,  
Child, whose visit thus I sing,  
Even than a Fairy?"

Here is indicated that substitute for fairyland, the charming discovery of which was the great inventive claim Carroll had upon his generation. In the place of a fairy world, which for many minds had lost its reality, he opened up a fresh wonderland in childhood, that nursery-garden of the full-grown imagination. It is because there is here so little of such charm that this book has the air of belonging but slightly to its author.

#### VERSE, RECENT AND NOT RECENT.

"Poems by A. and L." By Arabella and Louisa Shore. London: Richards.

"Rampolli." Translations, new and old, chiefly from the German, along with a Year's Diary of an Old Soul. By George Macdonald. London: Longmans.

"The Colloquy." Conversations about the Order of Things and Final Good. By Josiah Augustus Seitz. New York: Putnam's Sons.

TO republish for a succeeding generation work that has fallen out of its recognition, is in itself an act of assertive criticism: and the reader takes up the book in the mood of requiring justification for its appearance. In no case is the attempt so hazardous or so apt merely to reveal an uprooted reputation, as where the work dates back no further than to the interests and activities of thirty or forty years ago. There is not yet the charm or flavour of antiquity; the period, even, has not yet found its historical setting. The greater writers who belonged to its day are still the contemporary influences of our own, hardly yet resolved to their final place in the classics. Poetic work, so over-shadowed by the prime of Tennyson and the two Brownings, ranking even conspicuously below the best performances of the "spasmodic school," lays itself largely open to the

odiousness of comparison, and brings with it too little of the flavour of literary lavender.

With all these disadvantages the poems of the two sisters, A. and L. Shore, are suffering from a present-day revival. Their work is old enough to be out of fashion, but not old enough to have become venerable. The contemporary charm which was perhaps once there has evaporated: emotions, not literary, had a strong influence on the period in which the poems were produced, and we look with a cold and slightly disillusioned eye on rhetorical poems concerning the sacredness of Italian unity and of our cause in the Crimean War. It is, of course, contemporary charm, born of passing events, which works so much havoc on our critical estimate of the poets. There are singers in receipt of extravagant praise to-day whose verse will ring hollow thirty years hence and show far less claim for revival than the work, robust, but certainly lacking in charm, of these two sisters. Partiality for the present poetic standard, indeed, tempts one to say that had A. and L. Shore been born later they might have cut a much more considerable figure; for there is in their work a largeness, a liberty of diction that, had they been more alive to style, might have carried them to the point of authentic utterance. It is this which they just miss; only very seldom is there a phrase which arrests by the permanent distinction of its style. Yet the rough mould contains at times something heroic: one feels there have been moments of romantic vision, as where it is said of a sea-king wrecked among Greek isles,—

"Even now his body floats

Away to those cold seas that first he loved."

Also one finds verbal felicities, delicacies of speech belonging more to the taste of our own day than of the author's,—

"Perfumed surprises steal into the heat

Out of the ambush of windowless walls"

carries some charm with it; and here is more from the same song,—

"Hail! 'tis thy heritage. Thine is the town

Caught in the net of its vines like a prize,

A wide leafy cage where sweet gardens shut down

Each its own summer of shade from the skies."

But such samples are too few to justify the whole bulk of 360 pages in which very great merit loses itself and makes search wearisome.

Mr. George Macdonald's title invites the respect due to a veteran. These fresh shoots from a plant of long growth have all the vigour that accords with a prolific record. As a translator the author shows himself faithful to a fault; to give Luther's false rhymes their English equivalent is to emulate the labours of the Chinese copyist who, following a set model, added cracks to his china. It is perhaps this devout literalness which prevents the translator's renderings of Novalis and Schiller from taking rank as poetry. His versions of Heine come sometimes very close to success; but subtle roughness and irregularity of metre are risky qualities to imitate; it is only those who know the original who can do justice to translations from Heine, and on them the translation is thrown away. Mr. Macdonald's "Diary of an Old Soul" is a very sweet and sustained effort, and for those whose devotion takes lines of thought and mysticism would be an admirable directing manual. From the 365 stanzas dedicated to all the days of the year we can only take two, those for January 1 and 7,—

"Lord, what I once had done with youthful might,  
Had I been from the first true to the truth,  
Grant me, now old, to do—with better sight,  
And humbler heart, if not the brain of youth;  
So wilt thou, in Thy gentleness and ruth,  
Lead back Thy old soul, by the path of pain,  
Round to his best—young eyes and heart and brain.

"I see a child before an empty house,  
Knocking and knocking at the closed door;  
He wakes dull echoes—but nor man nor mouse,  
If he stood knocking there for evermore.  
A mother-angel see! folding each wing,  
Soft-walking, crosses straight the empty floor,  
And opens to the obstinate praying thing."

Mr. Seitz seems to be a heavily educated American who has made a round of the world and all its religions.

"The Colloquy" gives us the fruit of his wisdom in

twenty "conversations;" the conversations are "personally conducted" on monopolist lines, the result of too much pressure of education to the square inch. The following passage on the slave question serves to show at once the author's encyclopedic knowledge, and the average charm of his blank verse,—

"Macaulay, Clarkson, Sharpe, and Wilberforce,

And these as well deserving memory:—

Doak, Adams, Phelps, iconoclastic Paine,

Coxe, Rankin, Tyson, Embree, Raymond, Weld,

Nye, Tappan, Lundy, Palfrey, Frothingham,

Bold Garrett, philanthropic Fanny Wright,

Jay, Bacon, Hale, lamented Burlingame,

Slade, Bacon, Bowditch, Greene, the sisters Grimke,

Chase, Seward, Greeley, Harriet Beecher Stowe,

Fremont, May, Wilson, Julian, Stevens, Howe,

Thome, Andrews, Higginson, and Horace Mann."

The list is not finished: but this is enough to show the reader the sort of conversation that Mr. Seitz indulges in; there is plenty more of it in his book, his fellow-conversationists remaining very well-behaved and silent.

#### FICTION.

"The Making of a Prig." By Evelyn Sharp. London: Lane.

MISS SHARP has a certain gift for entertaining. The history of Kitty really shows something of the neatness, the happiness, the humour, the gentleness that is often delicacy, the feminine qualities that are so readily ascribed to books that do not possess them. But she intended something more than the entertainment that can be derived from the ups and downs in the path of a clever girl, who leaves an unbearable aunt and a pleasantly weak father in their country rectory to make her way as a schoolmistress in London, lodge in a home for working gentlewomen, fall into trouble between a stupid lover, who cannot express himself in slang, and a clever one, who has an inclination towards pedantry, and finally fall out again by the merciful interposition of Providence. She shows plainly enough that she could play at this kind of performance as nicely as any one else; but in "The Making of a Prig" (as, indeed, the title suggests), she intended something fuller, thicker, than this, something more real and typically human. But the action of her story, though entertaining in itself, only half fulfils its second function of displaying the intention of the drama. The intention, the real and lasting interest of the drama, the depth in fact, sometimes appears in little slices between the action, and where the author very rightly abstains, as she generally does, from suggesting in so many words what she would be at, the intention still falls short of forcible expression. When we watch and listen to the clever lover, it does not dawn upon us with growing conviction that this Paul Wilton is most certainly a man with the youthful unendurance of any woman who does not "understand his feelings about things," yet with a distaste for "any sentiment that is crudely expressed," and yet a cynic not in his first youth. And withal sentimental. For the girl has a hold on him, and with the weakness or the strength, call it what you will, faintness or morality, of the sentimental man, he can find a standing place on the slippery brink where the adventurous or reckless would never dream of pausing, nor could if they would. He would not compromise her, indeed his restraint crosses the border of downright cruelty; but he will not marry her, for she is a prig of a schoolmistress who has to grind for a living. All that and more, we take it, lies somewhere in the intention of Paul Wilton; but it is hardly displayed to the full satisfaction and conviction of the reader. The certain vagueness in the presentation of the man is chiefly regrettable because it is largely through him that we should come to realise the motive of the whole story, namely the girl's griggishness. For instance, in the final depth of her misery when, what with her virtue and his sentimentality, she is not his mistress, and at the same time the close companionship she desired has been proved a deception and an impossibility, Kitty is made to say to herself, in a humiliating confession of complete failure, "Paul has

26 Feb  
seen  
chance  
troubl  
intent  
a puzz  
not f  
enligh  
trying  
the gi  
are p  
they t  
thing  
break  
becau  
troub  
scene  
his po  
to kn  
her p  
scene  
are c  
shoul  
Shar  
came  
of th  
since  
a fai  
men,  
she l  
need  
the r  
for t  
prob  
her  
reali  
by a  
ness  
stan  
agai  
vivi  
mad  
have  
the  
of c  
like  
abst  
dispe  
S  
hau  
Sha  
to a  
des  
wit  
Stil  
in  
of  
par  
was  
not  
not  
bec  
nev  
for  
bo  
"J  
to  
he  
pa  
fai  
to  
wa  
cry  
th  
Ba  
wi  
Te  
so  
m  
ve  
da  
B



seen through my self-righteousness." This is no chance thought that crosses the inquiring mind of the troubled girl, it is a true explanation of the author's intention; but it comes to the reader as a surprise and a puzzle. The foregoing scenes between the two have not fully prepared him for it, if he turns back for enlightenment he will probably confuse himself with trying to understand. These few words that tell of the girl's self-righteousness and the man's perspicacity are perhaps the most important in the volume; but they tantalise, they are a pregnant suggestion of something that the author has not brought to light. We break our heads over it, but we are not convinced, because we do not see. This, and all the cognate trouble that arises, might have come more easily if the scenes between the man and girl had been done from his point of view. We want to feel exactly as he feels, to know why she will not do, to be struck as he is by her priggishness. As it is, the author mostly does the scenes from the girl's standpoint, and all the time we are endeavouring to understand why it is that she should prove, one way or another, impossible. Miss Sharp gives us Kitty when she is alone, and so we came to know her and her fine qualities; the intention of the book is to show how, with her good looks, her sincerity, her gaiety, her intelligence, she yet proves a failure all round, unacceptable, not only to the two men, but also to the majority of the girls with whom she lives. It is, therefore, their feelings, not hers, that need to be forced upon the reader—especially as she is the most outspoken of creatures, and her own lips will for the most part save us and the author the trouble of probing into her mind. Time enough to get back to her and see her from the inside when she comes to realise with surprise that she is unacceptable, convicted by a very various jury on the one charge of priggishness. The author, we imagine, had a complete understanding of the girl; but if she also saw the man against whom Kitty was to display herself—saw him vividly, and knew him thoroughly from the inside—she made the mistake of being too brief. She might safely have gone on for another half-dozen chapters, painting the relations between the two, piling up the varied mass of enlightening and convincing details; for it is not likely that an author with so commendable a dislike to abstract explanations would prove too lengthy in the display of so difficult a trouble.

Some such dissatisfaction as this was probably haunting the minds of the reviewers who criticised Miss Sharp, with a succinctness we have, alas, quite failed to achieve, by telling her that such a nasty hero never deserved so charming a girl. Brevity is the soul of wit, but it is rather hard on the author of a novel. Still, it is not altogether the fault of the reviewers if, in spite of the title, they chose to take "The Making of a Prig" simply as an entertaining story, without any particular meaning, and then asked what all the bother was about, seeing that Kitty was "such a dear." We do not know whether to blame the author because she has not taken herself seriously enough, or to commend her because, in spite of a big intention unfulfilled, she is never for a moment pretentious. We should prefer the former alternative, though it implies a compliment the book hardly justifies.

"Mark Tillotson." By James Baker. London: Chapman.

"This work," so prefaces the author, "is intended to be the last of my river stories." We are glad to hear it; although we are really unable to perceive any particular relation between any given river and the fainting semblance of a story which obstinately declines to give up the ghost, until it has trailed its bewildered way throughout 536 solid pages. To a somewhat cryptic preface, Mr. Baker adds a "Note;" in which the late Lord Tennyson is observed writing to Mr. Baker; who had, it appears, presented his Lordship with a copy of "Mark Tillotson," "He" (Lord Tennyson) "hoped to read 'Mark Tillotson' as soon as he was a little better; and this note gave me the sad honour, that all writers would deem very great: a place at the foot of his grave on the day of his funeral in Westminster Abbey." Mr. Baker, we would deem, has not lived in vain. More-

over, he has generously dedicated his book, not only to Alfred Lord Tennyson, but to Friedrich von Bodenstedt also; "whose work"—we quote from the dedication—"for many years, had been to me a constant pleasure, ere I met him in the flesh, even as 'George Eliot' knew him in 1858, as 'a charming man,' and 'a delightful acquaintance.'"

And after painfully searching for "the river," the Elbe, throughout this enormous volume, one is forced to the conclusion that in some mysterious way Mr. Baker has confused "the most beautiful of all European rivers" with the charming man and delightful acquaintance. For of the Elbe there is scarce any mention; whereas translations of Friedrich von Bodenstedt, called Mirza Schaffy, recur with a deadly certainty.

"That thou in all things art true,  
And nature canst truly define.  
That thou in all things art clear,  
And word and thought canst combine."

This is Mr. Baker's version of Mirza Schaffy's "magic poesie." It would be interesting to behold a dedication of Mirza Schaffy's to Mr. James Baker, "as 'George Eliot,' knew him," or otherwise.

There is nothing in "Mark Tillotson" so taking as its dedication. It is intolerably long, insufferably tedious; and of the style in which it is conceived, here is a specimen:—"But their talk was stopped by the audience hushing down, as a sad bit of history intervened between the comedy, and soon the act ended; and as the curtain rose in the next, Luke entered as the now baronet, his wife in the prologue having died, whilst he was at sea in the Navy, and now, in luxury, he was married to another." What, we ask, is a "now baronet?" What kind of seizure is a "prologue?" Who was married to which? And what is it all about?

"The Duke and the Damsel." By Richard Marsh. London: Pearson.

Strange is the inexorable fascination that dukes still exercise upon the mind of the novel-maker! Here is another novelist-duke, who only differs from his kind in that he chooses to disguise himself—for no earthly reason—as a quack vendor of ointment. Upon the second page the following remarkable sentence may be found by the curious:—"Next to Mabel was an individual whom, since she bade fair to be bottled up with him for nearly 700 miles, Mrs. General Delaney-Fyfart deemed appeared sufficiently respectable to render it worth her while to condescend to notice his existence; hence all these tears." The rest of the book is like that sentence.

"Young Nin." By F. W. Robinson. London: Hurst.

Young Nin was a noble-hearted, virtuous lady, who used to sing ravishingly at music-halls, and who was beloved to distraction by the foolish heir to an earldom. At first Young Nin was too noble to accept, and at last too noble to refuse, his lordship. So they marry, despite a Russian pianist with a violent temper and views of his own upon the ethics of love. And when the Countess Nin tries, and fails, to drown herself, it is all the fault of the Russian. Finally, she dies in her bed with meekness. Briefly, that is the plot of "Young Nin;" and, briefly, the book is nothing but an extensive achievement in sham realism.

"A Trip to Venus." By John Munro. London: Jarrold.

The trip was really rather a dull trip, on the whole. As one might have expected, the journey was undertaken by three learned professors, who travelled in a vessel of inexplicable construction; and who, in order to provide the indispensable "love interest" beloved of your publisher, took with them a lady, young and fair to see. They presently arrived in the planet Venus (as we knew they would); and they found the inhabitants to be a people of unassuming manners, clothed in soft raiment. And here the narrator became seriously attached to a person called Alumion—why not Aluminium? She was a priestess, was Alumion, and she kept a large serpent in her private cave. But the other two professors disliked the match, so they carried off the swain while he was asleep, and landed him in the planet Mars. Here the voyagers met an ape which was

like a bat, as big as a ten-roomed villa; and the ape carried off the lady of the party; but they shot him with rifles, and so escaped. Then they nearly fell into the sun, but not quite; and presently they came safe back to earth again. One professor married the lady who had been rescued from the ape which was like a bat; another professor said he was going back to Venus-Alumion; and the third professor was dead already. There is a good deal of astronomy in the book, but the story is unexciting.

"The Tree of Life." By Netta Syrett. London: Lane.

Miss Syrett's tale is singularly well written and impressive. Mainly it concerns Miss Christine Willowfred, daughter of a man who, having been long immersed in scientific problems, neglected his and all other proper interests. She agreed to marry John Farborough, with whom, on an omnibus bound for Victoria, she was returning from a Socialist meeting. Soon they were wed. Duly a baby came. Her husband, like her father, thought more of Socialism than of humanity. When the baby was dying, he insisted upon her going to carry out an engagement to lecture in "the cause." Then—but we should be doing an injustice to Miss Syrett did we tell the tragedy and what followed: hers is not a novel that can be summarised with fairness. Suffice it to say that, although "The Tree of Life" is a novel with a purpose, the purpose never degenerates into rhetoric. Characters and the action of the piece alike develop as naturally as if it were a French master of the coupé who was managing them. Perhaps there are too many literary tugs in the book; but, that apart, it is an exceedingly successful achievement.

"Concerning Charles Roydant" (Digby, Long) is a novel about which we changed our opinion more than once in the course of reading. It is original, to the verge of insanity, and sometimes over it. It is chaotic to an absurd degree. It is like the rough sketch of a powerful novel, dashed off under the influence of a drug, and finished in cold blood by its perplexed author. "How did I mean to make this turn out?" he seems to say. The thing is three novels, while purporting to be one. It begins with the mildest extravaganza imaginable—as fantastic as a nightmare, yet with a suggestion of tremendous truths, seen in a flash and grasped at, then lost again, and not to be recovered by groping. It goes on with an ordinary but spirited criminal story, ingenious of *dénouement*—a short tale for a magazine. Then begins a totally new interest in the sketch of the old actor and the beautiful girl. There is real imagination in the drawing of the two, although the girl is hardly recognisable under her very arbitrary treatment by the author, who pulls her nature this way and that till she changes from shrew and glutton to thinker and dreamer. It is a thousand pities that a book with such possibilities should not have been moulded into some sort of shape or thought out coherently. At present, it irritates as much as it impresses one.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

The London representative of a leading American firm has furnished the following statistics of literary results in the States during 1897, from which some interesting comparisons may be drawn.

	American Works (printed in U.S.A.)	English Works (printed in U.S.A.)	English Works (imported from England.)
Fiction	358	352	159
Literary History and Miscellany	313	15	89
Poetry	134	29	84
History	180	11	47
Biography	71	22	112
Political and Social Science	155	2	39
Travel	99	9	61

The totals show 3318 books by American authors, 495 by English authors, printed in America, and 1115 volumes sent over in sheets. In the department of fiction, our novelists maintain an easy pre-eminence over native talent, while in the second section a heavy reversal is revealed. The even balance in poetry causes

the statistician some surprise. To quote his own words, "Nearly every aristocrat both down and up town in New York, writes poetry and publishes it at his own expense. The margin is so small, that it is rather astounding, in view of the American's tendency. Some of the poetry we get is simply atrocious."

The usual monotony of the book world has been lately ruffled by several incidents which, although abortive in themselves, indicate a spirit of unrest making for progress. The contest between Sir Walter Besant and an irate publisher over the cost of production has ended in a pointless draw, after a final round of veiled personalities, but the skirmish has drawn attention to the great question of commission publishing. But by far the most important development arises out of the unsuccessful attempt on the part of the publishers to improve the condition of the retail trade. The latest alternative which the opposition has to face is much farther reaching than any concession to the original scheme would have entailed. It is nothing less than the gradual absorption by the publishing houses themselves of the principal book depôts throughout the country, in much the same way as the liquor trade has passed into the hands of the great brewers and distillers. Already one firm, always notable for its enterprise, has arranged for a series of retail shops in the metropolis, and a combination of Row houses for a similar purpose is under consideration, with a much wider programme. The stimulus such a movement would give to the present stagnation is obvious.

Quite a list of works on the Dark Continent may be gathered from Messrs. Methuen's forthcoming productions. Among the more prominent is Mr. Lionel Decle's "Three Years in Savage Africa," to which Mr. Stanley is contributing an introduction. Mr. Decle's three years' travelling, extending over 7000 miles, comprised Bechuanaland, the Zambesi, Matabeleland and Mashonaland, the Portuguese settlement on the Zambesi, Nyasaland, Ujiji (the headquarters of the Arabs), German East Africa, Uganda and British East Africa. In "Campaigning on the Upper Nile and the Niger," Lieutenant Seymour Vandeleur describes life at the equatorial lakes, and Sir George Goldie's campaign in the Niger-Soudan last year, including the capture of Bida and Ilorin, and the French occupation of Boussa. Then there is Colonel Trotter's "Niger Sources," upon which, as British Commissioner for the frontier limitation, the author may be said to speak with authority. Not of less interest should be "With the Mashonaland Field Force, 1896," by Lieut.-Colonel Alderson, who commanded the troops in that region during the late rebellion.

The simultaneous issue of Zola's "Paris" in London and the French capital, on the 1st proximo., will be an event of unusual interest, as the novelist's criticisms of his fellow-citizens are confirmed by their present attitude towards him. Mr. Harold Frederic has pointed out the characteristic conduct of "Le Journal," in publishing the novel serially in its columns and at the same time savagely attacking its author in its leading articles.

The March issue of "Macmillan's Magazine" is essentially a military number. Besides the continuation of "The Diary of a Private Soldier," there is a paper on "The True Military Policy," by Mr. David Hannay; and Major Pearce's account of "The Evolution of the Sikh Soldier."

In his new romance, "Lorraine," which Messrs. Putnam's have in hand, the author of "The Red Republic" again shows his affection for the sanguinary side of war. The stirring adventures and trials of the inevitable lovers are terminated by their marriage at Sedan.

Five more volumes are in progress for Mr. Murray's "University Extension Manuals." Professor John Cox has written an "Introduction to Physical Science," the Rev. Stopford Brooke a volume on "The English Poets, from Blake to Tennyson," Mr. Arthur Berry a "History



of Astronomy," Principal Donaldson a "History of Education," and Professor Knight, the editor of the series, an "Introduction to Philosophy."

In a "Romance of a Regiment," Mr. J. R. Hutchinson has written a history of the giant grenadiers of Potsdam. Messrs. Sampson Low are to be the publishers.

At the end of the month the first of the four volumes of Messrs. Clark's "Dictionary of the Bible" is to be produced. It has been compiled by the leading theologians and scholars of the day, the revision of the proofs having been undertaken by Professors Driver, Sweete and Davidson. The general editors are Dr. James Hastings and Mr. J. A. Selbie.

Mr. Charles Bright's "Book on Submarine Telegraphy" will be issued almost immediately. The publishers, Messrs. Crosby, Lockwood, wish it to be stated that subscription prices cease to apply on the date of publication, and that orders should reach them not later than the 28th inst.

Mr. George Allen has in preparation a useful handbook to the famous Cathedral of Venice, and its sculptures and mosaics. The Rev. Alexander Robertson, the author of "The Bible of St. Mark's," points out that the relation of Church and State in the Republic was identical with the system in the Jewish Kingdom, and realises the ideal of Thomas Arnold, of Rugby. The plates which illustrate the work have been specially prepared.

Among the new books deserving of notice are "St. Botolph, Aldgate: The Story of a City Parish, Compiled from the Record Books and other Ancient Documents," by the Rev. A. G. B. Atkinson, curate of the Church (Grant Richards); "Semitic Influence in Hellenic Mythology," by Mr. Robert Brown, who analyses the recent works on the subject by Professor Max Müller and Mr. Andrew Lang (Williams & Norgate); and a new volume of the topographical section of the "Gentleman's Magazine Library," dealing with the counties of Shropshire and Somerset (Elliot Stock).

The March number of "Chapman's Magazine" will contain the first instalment of a novel by Sir Walter Besant, entitled "The Changeling."

#### BOOKS ABOUT THE BIBLE.

- "A Primer of the Bible." By W. H. Bennett, M.A. Methuen.
- "The Lessons of Scripture illustrated from Poets." Vol. VII. By the Rev. J. H. Wanklyn. Bemrose.
- "The Holy Bible." Vol. I. Edited by J. W. Mackail. Macmillan.
- "The International Critical Commentary." Philippians and Philemon. By Dr. Marvin Vincent. Clark.
- "Modern Reader's Bible." Daniel and Minor Prophets. Macmillan.
- "The Debate on Textual Criticism at New College." Bell.

MR. BENNETT has earned the gratitude of students already by his book of illustrations from the *Mishna*. He has now given us a book that has been long needed, a short summary of critical results, as he understands them. The boldness of this notion commends itself. We like a man who will say frankly in a dogmatic sentence or two that he thinks some of the "Davidic psalms are based on actual compositions by the shepherd king," that St. Matthew did not write his Gospel, but St. John, perhaps, may be allowed the credit of his. A good deal of the book records what are after all mere moments of criticism, but if any uncritical body wants to hold critical views, which are and may be fairly tenable for some months to come, let him study this little treatise. Most people do hold indecently untenable views on almost every topic connected with Biblical criticism, and they might just as well clothe their nakedness with leaves from this sapling of knowledge.

Mr. Wanklyn has diligently hauled together a great catch of poetic fish. Some of these are poisonously bad, most are coarse, and a few are fine specimens. They are to be eaten as relish with the Sunday Lessons, which are in plain truth both good enough and, not to overstate the case, at least long enough to dispense with such unlikely aids.

Mr. Mackail has hit upon a happy thought, to print the Bible without the impertinence of chapter, verse, heading, impossible print and revolting binding. A man may handle

his Mackail as if he were addressing himself to the quirks of Charles Lamb's letters. But, alas! Mr. Mackail show no mercy to the poor man of letters. He will edify us at a cost; and so he strains out the quaint spellings of 1611, and the result is unnecessarily tame. We confess ourselves more satisfied with prancing than with prancing horses, and would rather eat rye bread and wash with sope and sponge than enjoy their modern equivalents. Why this so tedious modernity in an antick version? Mr. Mackail, like a clumsy hen, has trodden heavily upon a fine brood of the notional chickens which he hatched bravely out.

Dr. Marvin Vincent's work is always good, and this commentary is even more. It is excellent. The Epistle to the Philippians is a very good test for a commentator's honesty. There are passages in it which later theologians would have expressed in a different fashion. A little strain here or there, and St. Paul talks exact orthodoxy, flat Arianism or maybe sound Aristotle. But our author does not turn either to the right hand or to the left, but interprets serenely and sincerely straight before him, as an upright scholar should. The views carefully and lucidly set forth in the first *excursus* upon Bishops and Deacons will probably be found to be untenable by the next generation of critics; but they are well and modestly stated, almost too modestly, for the author might have elaborated his conclusions a step or two further. "Nothing is clearer than the absence of any uniform system of ecclesiastical nomenclature in the church of the Pauline period" perhaps. But it is not quite so clear that the things varied with the names.

The "Modern Reader's Bible" is Mr. Mackail, only more so, with a little more editor, a little less text, much less taste in outward things and a great deal more modernity, but all is done out of devotion to the Muses. If Mr. Mackail has spoilt the taste of the old version by respelling it, Professor Moulton has committed himself to the Revisers, those worthy Hebraists who unfortunately knew no English. It is quite painful to hear the Prophets talk in such a mincing modern tongue. If we must get them into our debased speech, it would be better to render them into Yankee, Yorkshire or Billingsgate, but spare us the Episcopese dialect. The sacred Nine whom the Professor is bound to serve, will smile on no orisons couched in such unlively terms.

Mr. Miller held a little tournament at Oxford, and couched his lance against the doughty knights of the Cambridge school. Dr. Ince presided as the queen of love and beauty, and smiled upon the envisored and embattled knights. Unfortunately the combatants forewent all bloody boldness. They merely skirmished and lightly sparred about the Peshitto. The dinner-bell rang, and with one consent the lists were emptied pell-mell. The beef and beer were more important adversaries to attack than either Aleph or Beth. At first it "looked as though the old custom of the Divinity School was being revived." But if learning and the elucidation of truth were always cut short whenever stomachs cried cupboard, Oxford would have been pinched somewhat in her ample reputation. Prebendary Miller has discovered his mother's shameful lust of meats.

---

(For This Week's Books see page 308.)

---

#### FRANCE.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in PARIS every Saturday from Messrs. BOYVEAU & CHEVILLET, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at Messrs. GALIGNANI'S, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUFERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines, Le KIOSQUE TERMINUS, Cour de Rome, and at the GALIGNANI LIBRARY, Nice.

#### AMERICA.

Copies are on Sale at the INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY'S OFFICES, 83 and 85 Duane Street, New York, Messrs. DAMRELL & UPHAM'S, 283 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., and at THE HAROLD WILSON CO., Toronto, Canada.

---

NOTICE.—The price of back numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, except those of the current Volume, is ONE SHILLING each.

---

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Fridays. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

---

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

America, North, A Geography of (L. W. Lyde). Black.  
 Baedeker's Spain and Portugal.  
 Eases of Design, The (Walter Crane). Bell. 18s.  
 Blackwood's Magazine (March).  
 Buddhism and its Christian Critics (Dr. Paul Carus). Open Court Publishing Co.  
 Cassock and Comedy (Athol Forbes). Skeffington. 3s. 6d.  
 Cats, A Book of (Mrs. W. Chance). Dent. 2s. 6d.  
 Children, The Study of (Francis Warner). Macmillan. 4s. 6d.  
 Christian Dogmas, The Vitality of (A. Sabatier). Black.  
 Consular Journal, The (February).  
 Cosmopolitan, The ("February").  
 Departure from Tradition, A (R. Masson). Bliss, Sands. 6s.  
 Diana of the Crossways (G. Meredith). Constable.  
 Disaster, The (P. and V. Marguerite). Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.  
 Drake and the Tudor Navy (2 Vols.) (Julian S. Corbett). Longmans.  
 English Constitutional History, A Student's Manual of (D. J. Medley). Simpkin.  
 Fatal Phil, The (C. B. Fitzgerald). Digby, Long. 6s.  
 Foreign Sugar Bounties, The (M. M. Beeton). Simpkin. 1s.  
 Fortifications in Scotland, Early (D. Christison). Blackwood. 21s.  
 General Elementary Science (W. Briggs). Clive. 3s. 6d.  
 General's Double, The (Capt. Charles King). Lippincott. 6s.  
 Gloria Victis (J. A. Mitchell). Nutt. 3s. 6d.  
 Godefroi and Yolandi (L. Irving). Lane. 3s. 6d.  
 Great French Triumvirate (T. Constable). Downey. 5s.  
 Greece, Pansanias's Description of (3 Vols.) (J. G. Frazer). Macmillan. £6 6s.  
 Harper's Monthly Magazine (March).  
 Hearts that are Lighted (Monti de Gomara). Digby, Long. 3s. 6d.  
 His Fortunate Grace (G. Atherton). Bliss, Sands. 1s. 6d.  
 Infatuation of Amanda, The (Mina Sandeman). Digby, Long. 3s. 6d.  
 Italy, the Conquest of (E. G. Wilkinson). Black.  
 Kloof Bride, The (Ernest Glanville). Methuen. 3s. 6d.  
 Law of Agency, A Digest of the (W. Boustead). Sweet & Maxwell.  
 Lines from my Log-books (Sir John C. D. Hay). Douglas.  
 London Diocese Book. Rivingtons. 1s. 6d.  
 Longman's Magazine (March).  
 Man from the North, A (E. A. Bennett). Lane. 3s. 6d.  
 Merchant of Venice, The (Thos. Page). Moffatt & Paige. 2s.  
 Millais (M. H. Spielmann). Blackwood.  
 Miner's Arithmetic and Mensuration, The (H. Davies). Chapman & Hall. 4s.  
 Minister of State, The (John A. Stenart). Heinemann. 6s.  
 Natural History of the British Islands (F. G. Adalo). Blackwood. 6s.  
 Newspaper Press Directory, The, 1898. Mitchell.  
 North American Review, The (February).  
 Numeral-type for China, The Inventor of the (C. F. Gordon-Cumming). Downey. 1s.  
 Old Mortality (Vols. I. and II.) (Sir Walter Scott). Dent. 1s. 6d. each.  
 Pall Mall Magazine, The (March).  
 Peterborough Cathedral (Rev. W. C. Ingram). Ibbister.  
 Prince's Diamond, The (E. Hulme-Beaman). Hutchinson. 6s.  
 Psalms, A Book of (A. T. Jebb, M.A.). Allen. 3s. 6d.  
 Records of Old Times (J. Kersley Fowler). Chatto & Windus. 10s. 6d.  
 Royal Navy, The (Vol. II) (Wm. Laird Clowes). Sampson Low. 25s.  
 Sacred Passion of Our Lord (Cardinal Wiseman). Burns and Oates.  
 St Botolph, Aldgate (A. G. B. Atkinson, M.A.). Richards. 5s.  
 Science of the Ideal, The. Rees. 2s. 6d.  
 Secret of a Hollow Tree, The (Naunton Coverside). Digby, Long. 6s.  
 Spectator, The (Vol. V) (G. G. Smith). Dent. 3s. 6d.  
 True Blue (Herbert Russell). Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.  
 Twelve Naval Captains (M. E. Seawell). Kegan Paul. 6s.  
 War of the Venuses, The (E. V. Lucas). Arrowsmith. 1s.  
 Who's Who? 1898 (Douglas Sladen). Black.  
 Workmen's Compensation Act, 1897, Handbook on the.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, NEW  
 BALLET: THE PRESS, and SPORTING SKETCH: THE RACE.  
 Grand Variety Entertainment. Doors open at 7.45.

QUEEN'S HALL.  
 SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS.  
 Every Sunday at 3.30.  
 Conductor, Mr. HENRY J. WOOD.  
 The Queen's Hall Orchestra of 90 Performers.  
 Admission Free; Reserved Seats, 3s., 2s., 1s., and 6d.

EPPS'S COCOA.

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE ON "FOODS AND THEIR VALUES," BY DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.—"If any motives—first, of due regard for health, and second, of getting full food-value for money expended—can be said to weigh with us in choosing our foods, then I say that Cocoa (Epps's being the most nutritious) should be made to replace tea and coffee without hesitation. Cocoa is a food; tea and coffee are not foods. This is the whole science of the matter in a nutshell, and he who runs may read the obvious moral of the story."

MERRYWEATHER ON PURE WATER SUPPLY TO COUNTRY MANSIONS. Inexpensive appliances fixed. Money saved by dispensing with hand labour in favour of improved pumps driven by gas, oil, wind, water, hot air, electricity, or steam engines. Write for Pamphlet, "Water Supply to Mansions."

MERRYWEATHER'S GREATEST DOMESTIC NOVELTY is their Patent ELECTRIC HAND FIRE ENGINE for Corridors of Mansions, and other establishments where the electric light exists.  
 MERRYWEATHER'S, 63 Long Acre, London, W.C.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—TEN Scholarships and Exhibitions, varying from £50 to £200 in value, will be offered for Competition on WEDNESDAY, JULY 13.  
 One Scholarship and one Exhibition will be offered in the first instance for Boys intended for the ARMY CLASS.  
 Apply to the WARDEN, RADLEY COLLEGE, ABINGDON.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—The Annual Examination for Scholarships will be held on 7, 8, and 9 June. Ten Open Scholarships, at least, of value ranging between £50 and £200 per annum, will be awarded; also one Scholarship of £35 per annum, tenable for three years, for sons of Old Cheltonians only. Also Scholarships confined to Candidates for Army and Navy Examinations. Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under 15.  
 Apply to the Bursar, The College, Cheltenham.

EASTBOURNE.—Lady Cunliffe has personal knowledge of the happy life and careful training bestowed on a few GIRLS in a very PRIVATE SCHOOL, delightfully domiciled. Its Principal has also the warm recommendation of Lady Elphinstone, Lady Stirling, and others whose daughters were her pupils.—For details address "H. M." Avonmore, Leeds, Eastbourne.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Gorse Cliff, Boscombe Chine.—School for BOYS from 6 to 14. Resident Masters, Governess. Stands high, faces South, overlooks Sea. Private Field for Games. Fees, 60, 80, 100 Guineas.—Mrs. JAMES MACDONELL.

308

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.  
 FIRE. Est. 1823.—1 Old Broad Street, E.C.; 22 Pall Mall, S.W.; & 47 Chancery Lane, W.C. Subscribed Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Funds over £1,500,000.  
 E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED,

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

FOUNDED 1848.

INVESTED FUNDS . . . . £27,000,000.

UNION LINE.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS FOR SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD AND DIAMOND FIELDS.

WEEKLY SAILINGS FROM SOUTHAMPTON.

Free Railway Tickets by Union Expresses London to Southampton.  
 Cheap Tickets for Passengers' Friends. Return Tickets to all Ports.

Apply to the UNION STEAMSHIP COMPANY, Ltd., 14 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.; and  
 SOUTH AFRICAN HOUSE, 94-8 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA.

ORIENT LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY  
 for the above COLONIES, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBALTAR, MARSEILLES, NAPLES, SUMER, and COLOMBO.

Managers: { F. GREEN & CO. Head Office:  
 { ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO. } Fenchurch Avenue, London.  
 For passage apply to the latter firm at 5 Fenchurch Avenue E.C., or to  
 the Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA, Ltd.

(Bankers to the Government of the Cape of Good Hope).  
 Head Office, 10 Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, London, E.C., and 90 branches in South Africa.

Subscribed Capital	£4,000,000.
Paid-up Capital	£1,000,000.
Reserve Fund	£300,000.

This Bank grants drafts on, and transacts every description of banking business with, the principal towns in Cape Colony, Natal, South African Republic, Orange Free State, Rhodesia, and East Africa. Telegraphic remittances made. Deposits received for fixed periods. Terms on application. J. CHUMLEY, London Manager.

SUTTON'S GRASS SEEDS

FOR  
 TEMPORARY PASTURE from 12/- per acre.  
 PERMANENT PASTURE from 15/- per acre.

According to the nature of the soil and purpose in view

FOR FULL PARTICULARS SEE

SUTTON'S FARMERS' YEAR-BOOK FOR 1898.

SUTTON'S SEEDS

Genuine only direct from SUTTON & SONS, READING.

LOCKWOOD AND CO.

STOCK and MINING SHARE DEALERS,

3 THROGMORTON AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1886.

SOUTH AFRICAN MINING and LAND SHARES.

WEST AUSTRALIAN MINING SHARES.

NEW ZEALAND MINING SHARES.

INDIAN MINING SHARES.

MISCELLANEOUS MINING SHARES.

Business in the above Shares for the Fortnightly Stock Exchange Settlements, or for One, Two, or Three Months Forward Delivery.

Terms of Business and Full Particulars on Application.

OUR MINING REVIEW AND BAROMETER (fourth year of publication). This well-known Report appears weekly in the leading financial daily papers, and contains a comprehensive summary and careful forecast of the Mining Market.

DAILY MINING LIST, with closing prices of all active Shares.

WEEKLY MINING LIST, comprising a quantity of valuable information respecting Dividends, Calls, Mining Results, New Issues, &c. &c.

THE ABOVE PUBLICATIONS POST FREE.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW sent by post at following rates per annum, paid in advance.

Any part of the United Kingdom.....£1 8 2

Any other parts of the World ..... 1 10 4

Copies for India, China, Borneo, Burmah, Ceylon, Egypt, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Australia, and New Zealand, are now posted in advance, and catch the Friday evening's mail.

WM. DAWSON & SONS, LIMITED, Successors to  
 STEEL & JONES, 23 Craven Street, Strand, London, W.C.



## MACMILLAN AND CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

## Pausanias's Description of Greece.

Translated with a Commentary by J. G. FRAZER, M.A., LL.D. (Glasgow),  
Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, &c.  
In six volumes. Illustrated with about 30 Maps and Plans, four Photogravure  
Plates, and upwards of Two Hundred Engravings in the Text. 8vo. 46 6s. net.

BY A PRETORIA PRISONER.

## RAID AND REFORM. By ALFRED P.

HILLIER, B.A., M.D., C.M. With two Essays on the Antiquity of Man in  
South Africa. Demy 8vo. 6s. net.

*Daily Telegraph*.—"Dr. A. P. Hillier's contribution . . . is lighter and brighter  
than the greater part of the works on the same subject."

*Literature*.—"His spirited defence of his Johannesburg friends . . . deserves  
all respect. . . . Dr. Hillier's prison diary is an interesting document."

*Standard and Diggers' News*.—"Writes with a facile and persuasive pen, and  
always in attractive English."

NEW NOVEL BY ROLF BOLDREWOOD. Crown 8vo. 6s.

## PLAIN LIVING: A Bush Idyll. By ROLF

BOLDREWOOD, Author of "Robbery Under Arms," "The Miner's Right," &c.  
*Academy*.—"A hearty story, deriving charm from the odours of the bush, and the  
bleating of sheep incalculable."

THE MARCH NUMBER OF

## MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

Price 1s. Contains:—

DIARY OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER  
IN THE CAMPAIGN OF NEW  
ORLEANS. Edited by Lieut.-Col.  
WILLOUGHBY VERNER, late Rifle  
Brigade.

NOVELS OF UNIVERSITY LIFE.

By GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

A PHILOSOPHER'S ROMANCE.

Chap. XII.—XIII. By JOHN

BERWICK.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SIKH

SOLDIER. By Major PEARSE.

ON LAKE VYRNWY.

By A. G. BRADLEY.

GAVARNI. By TIGHE HOPKINS.

THE FAMILIAR OF MEGAT

PENDIA. By HUGH CLIFFORD.

A GREAT MILITARY BOOK.

By DAVID HANNAV.

THE MARCH NUMBER OF

## THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Illustrated. Price 1s. 4d. Contains:—

WITH THE DEAD. By I. ZANGWILL.

THE RIVER TRIP TO THE KLONDIKE. By JOHN SIDNEY WEBB.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY. By JOHN R. PROCTER.

&amp;c. &amp;c. &amp;c.

THE MARCH NUMBER OF

## ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

Illustrated. Price 1s. Contains:—

"LEWIS CARROLL." By A. F. BROWN.

A YEAR WITH DENISE AND NED TODDLES. Chaps. I.—III.

By G. E. JACKSON.

A GIANT CANDLE. By W. S. HARWOOD.

And numerous other Stories for the Young.

MACMILLAN &amp; CO., LIMITED, LONDON

## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. 253. MARCH 1898.

'ENGLAND AT WAR'—A Supplement: By an old Tory. T. E. KENNEL.

THE ARMY AND THE GOVERNMENT'S OPPORTUNITY. By H. O.

ARNOLD-FORSTER, M.P.

THE NAVY AND THE ENGINEERING DISPUTE. By ARCHIBALD S.

HURD.

A BRIEF NOTE ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER POLICY. By the

Right Hon. LORD NAHER OF MAGDALA.

MILLAI'S WORKS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE. By CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

THE METHODS OF THE INQUISITION. By W. S. LILLY.

THE SHORT STORY. By FREDERICK WEDMORE.

WHITE SLAVES: A True Tale. By the COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

PARISH LIFE IN ENGLAND BEFORE THE GREAT PILLAGE.

(Concluded.) By the Rev. Dr. JESSOP.

SPECIMEN OF A TRANSLATION OF THE GEORGICS IN BLANK

VERSE. By the Right Hon. LORD BURGHLERE.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE DIOCESE OF ROCHESTER. By

the Right Rev. the Bishop of Southwark.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND THE AUSGLEICH. By Dr. EMIL REICH.

THE FUTURE OF MANCHURIA. By Captain FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND.

SOME OF THE RESOURCES OF CANADA. By PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

DEATHS UNDER CHLOROFORM. By Mrs. R. M. KING.

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON &amp; CO., LTD.

BOOKS.—HATCHARDS, Booksellers to the Queen,  
187 Piccadilly, W.—Libraries entirely Fitted up, Arranged, and Catalogued.  
All the New and Standard Books, Bibles, Prayer-books, &c. New Choice Bindings  
or Presents. Post orders promptly executed. Usual cash discounts.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE READING ROOMS will be Closed from TUESDAY,

MARCH 1st, to FRIDAY, MARCH 4th inclusive.

E. MAUNDE THOMPSON,  
British Museum, 22 February, 1898. Principal Librarian and Secretary.

## FIELD LANE REFUGES, &amp;c.

The Distress is very great. APPLICATIONS FOR HELP URGENT.

Please help us.

Treasurer: W. A. BEVAN, Esq.

Secretary: PEREGRINE PLATT, Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

FOURTH EDITION NOW READY, LARGELY REVISED.

## POEMS,

With which is Incorporated "CHRIST IN HADES."

By STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

## THE BOOK OF THE YEAR 1897.

To Mr. Stephen Phillips has been awarded by the Proprietor of the "Academy"  
a premium of One Hundred Guineas, in accordance with his previously proclaimed  
intention of making that gift to the writer of the book which should be adjudged  
worthy to be "crowned" as the most important contribution to the literature of 1897.

"The accent here is unmistakable, it is the accent of a new and a true poet.  
These poems are marked by simplicity, sincerity, and spontaneity. A poet of whom  
this may be said with truth has passed the line which divides talent from genius, the  
true singer from the accomplished artist or imitator. He has taken his place,  
wherever that place may be, among authentic poets. It may be safely said that no  
poet has made his *début* with a volume which is at once of such extraordinary merit  
and so rich in promise."—Mr. J. CHURTON COLLINS in the *Pail Mail Gazette*.

"Mr. Phillips is a poet, one of the half-dozen men of the younger generation  
whose writings contain the indefinable quality which makes for permanence."

"The man who, with a few graphic touches, can call up for us images like these,  
in such decisive and masterly fashion, is not one to be rated with the common herd,  
but rather as a man from whom we have the right to expect hereafter some of the  
great things which will endure."—Mr. W. L. COURTNEY in the *Daily Telegraph*.

"In his new volume Mr. Stephen Phillips more than fulfils the promise made  
by his 'Christ in Hades'; here is real poetic achievement—the veritable gold of  
song."—*Spectator*.

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, VIGO STREET, LONDON, W.

## A. &amp; C. BLACK'S LIST

NOW READY.

## WHO'S WHO, 1898.

## AN ANNUAL BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.

50TH YEAR OF ISSUE. 2ND YEAR OF NEW ISSUE.

Contains nearly 7000 Biographies—mostly Autobiographies—(1143 more  
than last year), of the Leading Men and Women of the Day; besides  
being a Complete Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage, &c.

In crown 8vo. 864 pages, bound in cloth gilt, with gilt edges and  
rounded corners, price 3s. 6d. net.

NOW READY.

## THE VITALITY OF CHRISTIAN DOGMAS

AND THEIR POWER OF EVOLUTION. A Study in Religious  
Philosophy. By A. SABATIER, D.D., Dean of the Faculty of Pro-  
testant Theology, Paris. Translated by Mrs. EMMANUEL CHRISTEN.  
With a Preface by the Very Reverend the Hon. W. H. FREMANTLE,  
D.D., Dean of Ripon. Crown 8vo. cloth, price 1s. 6d. net.

## THE STORY OF GLADSTONE'S LIFE.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P. In 1 vol. extra crown 8vo. cloth,  
gilt top, price 7s. 6d. Containing 45 Illustrations, mostly Page  
Portraits, representing Mr. Gladstone at different periods.

NOW READY. SECOND EDITION.

## THROUGH FINLAND IN CARTS. By Mrs.

ALEC TWEDDIE. Containing Map and 18 Full-page Illustrations.  
Demy 8vo. cloth, price 15s.

VOL. I. TO BE PUBLISHED IN OCTOBER.

## ENCYCLOPÆDIA BIBLICA. A Dictionary

of the Bible. Edited by the Rev. T. K. CHEYNE, M.A., D.D., Oriel  
Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford, and  
formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Canon of Rochester; and J. SUTHER-  
LAND BLACK, M.A., LL.D., Assistant Editor of the "Encyclopædia  
Britannica." To be published in four quarterly volumes commencing  
October. Super royal 8vo. cloth, price 16s. each.

A. &amp; C. BLACK, Soho Square, London.

PUBLISHING BUSINESS for SALE (old-established);  
numerous Stereotypes, Copyrights, Illustrations, Profitable Stock, &c.; owner  
retiring; favourable terms; long lease; premises at low rent or purchase. 130,  
BOOKSELLER, 12 Warwick Lane, E.C.

## NEW and complete PRACTICAL GUIDE TO HER

MAJESTY'S CIVIL SERVICE. Qualifications of Candidates, limits of age,  
Subjects examined in, Official Qualifications, Examination Papers, &c. Blackwood  
Edition, 2s. 6d. J. Blackwood & Co., 19 Paternoster Row.

## H. SOTHERAN &amp; CO.

BOOKSELLERS, BOOKBINDERS, &amp; PUBLISHERS.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS  
IN INDIA, THE COLONIES, AMERICA, AND ABROAD.

A Monthly Catalogue; Specimen Number post free.

LIBRARIES PURCHASED OR VALUED AND CATALOGUED AND ARRANGED.

Telegraphic Address: "BOOKMEN, LONDON." Code: UNICODE.

140 STRAND, W.C., and 37 PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.

LONDON AGENTS:  
ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED,  
1 Bank Buildings, Lothbury, E.C.

### THE ROBINSON RANDFONTEIN GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited.

PRODUCTION FOR DECEMBER, 1897.

BY CABLE.

MILL.		
Stamps running	...	35
Ore crushed	...	5040 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold retorted	...	2525 ozs.
TAILINGS—CYANIDE PROCESS.		
Tons treated	...	4085 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered	...	725 ozs.
CONCENTRATES—CYANIDE PROCESS.		
Tons treated	...	59 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered	...	123 ozs.
Total Gold recovered	...	3373 ozs.

### THE NORTH RANDFONTEIN GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited.

PRODUCTION FOR DECEMBER, 1897.

BY CABLE.

MILL.		
Stamps running	...	40
Ore crushed	...	6167 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold retorted	...	1667 ozs.
TAILINGS—CYANIDE PROCESS.		
Tons treated	...	3840 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered	...	687 ozs.
CONCENTRATES—CYANIDE PROCESS.		
Tons treated	...	tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered	...	025.
Total Gold recovered	...	2354 ozs.

### THE PORGES RANDFONTEIN GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited.

PRODUCTION FOR DECEMBER 1897.

BY CABLE.

MILL.		
Stamps running	...	60
Ore crushed	...	7520 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold retorted	...	3117 ozs.
TAILINGS—CYANIDE PROCESS.		
Tons treated	...	5700 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered	...	980 ozs.
CONCENTRATES—CYANIDE PROCESS.		
Tons treated	...	98 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered	...	405 ozs.
Total Gold recovered	...	4502 ozs.

### THE LANGLAAGTE STAR GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited.

PRODUCTION FOR DECEMBER 1897.

BY CABLE.

MILL.		
Stamps running	...	30
Ore crushed	...	5310 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold retorted	...	3118 ozs.
TAILINGS—CYANIDE PROCESS.		
Tons treated	...	4313 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered	...	902 ozs.
CONCENTRATES—CYANIDE PROCESS.		
Tons treated	...	tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered	...	025.
Total Gold recovered	...	4020 ozs.

### BLOCK B. LANGLAAGTE ESTATE GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited.

PRODUCTION FOR DECEMBER 1897.

BY CABLE.

MILL.		
Stamps running	...	75
Ore crushed	...	11,740 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold retorted	...	3044 ozs.
TAILINGS—CYANIDE PROCESS.		
Tons treated	...	7200 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered	...	1104 ozs.
CONCENTRATES—CYANIDE PROCESS.		
Tons treated	...	178 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered	...	336 ozs.
Total Gold recovered	...	4484 ozs.

### THE LANGLAAGTE ESTATE AND GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited.

PRODUCTION FOR DECEMBER 1897.

BY CABLE.

MILL.		
Stamps running	...	200
Ore crushed	...	26,878 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold retorted	...	6053 ozs.
TAILINGS—CYANIDE PROCESS.		
Tons treated	...	16,650 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered	...	1707 ozs.
CONCENTRATES—CYANIDE PROCESS.		
Tons treated	...	750 tons of 2000 lbs.
Gold recovered	...	1809 ozs.
Total Gold recovered	...	9090 ozs.

310

### THE CROWN REEF GOLD MINING CO., Limited, JOHANNESBURG, S.A.R.

CAPITAL £120,000.

HEAD OFFICE: CROWN REEF, JOHANNESBURG, S.A.R.  
LONDON TRANSFER OFFICE: 120 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

#### DIRECTORS' MONTHLY REPORT

On the working operations of the Company for DECEMBER, 1897, which shows Total Profit of £22,763 13s. 5d.

#### EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamp Mill and Cyanide Works = 15,216 Tons Milled.

EXPENDITURE.	Cost.
To Mining Expenses	£11,820 6 1
Transport	259 1 6
Milling	2,420 17 4
Cyanide	1,690 5 8
General Charges	2,367 1 2
Mine Development	352 14 1
Profit for Month	£18,910 5 10
	22,763 13 5
	£41,673 19 3

#### REVENUE.

	Value.
By Gold Accounts—	
6,585,447 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Mill	£27,777 0 5
3,393,875 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Cy. Works	13,896 18 10
	9,889,322 ozs.
	£41,673 19 3

The Tonnage mined for month was 18,055 tons, cost ... £11,499 15 1  
Add quantity taken from stock 486 ... 320 11 0

Less waste rock sorted out 18,541 ... 3,325 ... 11,820 6 1

Milled Tonnage 15,216 ... £11,820 6 1

The declared output was 12,298,715 ozs. bullion = 9,889,322 ozs. fine gold.  
And the total yield per ton of fine gold on the Milled Tonnage basis was—12 dwts 23.965 grs.

H. R. NETHERSOLE, Secretary.

Head Office, Johannesburg, 8 January, 1898.

### THE CROWN REEF GOLD MINING CO., Limited.

#### Directorate:

W. H. ROGERS, Chairman.  
R. O. GODFREY LYS, Managing Director. A. GOERZ (Alternate, H. Strakosch.)  
(Alternate, C. L. Redwood.) C. D. RUDD " E. Birkenruth.  
J. W. S. LANGERMAN. C. S. GOLDMANN  
F. ROBINOW. (Alternate, J. G. Hamilton.)

#### Secretary:

H. R. NETHERSOLE.

#### London Secretary:

A. MOIR.

#### DIRECTORS' MONTHLY REPORT. GENERAL.

The following are the particulars of the lineal Development work done for the month:—

6TH LEVEL—	ft.
Sinking Winzes	6
7TH LEVEL—	
Driving on South Reef, East and West	44
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	15
Sinking Winzes	19
Cross-Cutting	38
8TH LEVEL—	
Driving on South Reef, East and West	94
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	193
Sinking Winzes	38
9TH LEVEL—	
Driving on South Reef, East and West	48
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	46
Cross-cutting	80
Sinking Winzes	98
	713

The tonnage of ore exposed by the above works amounts to 30,205 tons.  
During the month 3,287 tons of waste rock were sorted out from the tonnage mined. The waste rock was of an average assay value of 14 grs. per ton. The rock sorted was equivalent to 16.946 per cent. of the total rock mined.

### FERREIRA GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

#### NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Shareholders in the above-named Company, will be held at Johannesburg, on Tuesday, the 15th March, 1898, for the following business:—

- To receive and consider the Statement of Profit and Loss Account, Balance Sheet, and the Reports of the Directors and Auditors to 31st December, 1897.
- To elect Two Directors in the place of Messrs. H. A. Rogers and C. S. Goldmann, who retire by rotation in terms of the Trust Deed, and being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.
- To appoint Auditors for the ensuing year, and to fix the remuneration of the present Auditors.
- To transact any business which is brought under consideration by the Report of the Directors, and for any other General Business.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER, wishing to be represented at the above Meeting, must deposit their Share Warrants at the places and within the times, following:—

- At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg, at least 24 hours before the time appointed for holding the Meeting.
- At the London Office, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., before the 15th February, 1898.
- At the Paris Agency of the Company, The Crédit Lyonnais, Boulevard des Italiens, Paris, before the 15th February, 1898.

By Order, ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.  
9th February, 1898.



# Natal Government Railways.

DURBAN TO JOHANNESBURG 27 HOURS.

DURBAN TO PRETORIA 29 HOURS.

THE MOST DIRECT and PICTURESQUE ROUTE to the SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD FIELDS.  
Through Communication from DURBAN to JOHANNESBURG and PRETORIA, and all Stations in the South African Republic, the Orange Free State, and Cape of Good Hope.

## DAILY EXPRESS TRAIN SERVICE.

First and Second Class Corridor Carriages, provided with Electric Light and Comfortable Sleeping Accommodation.

### Through Fares London to Johannesburg, via Natal.

By Mail Steamers and Rail ...	First Class, £52 5 0	Second Class, £34 15 6	Third Class, *£21 2 6
„ Intermediate Steamers and Rail ...	49 2 0	32 13 6	*21 2 6
„ Bucknall Bros., Steamers and Rail ...	45 19 0		* Second Class by Rail.
„ Bullard, King & Co.'s Steamers and Rail ...	40 14 0		
„ J. T. Rennie, Son & Co.'s Steamers and Rail ...	40 14 0		

Through Goods Trains between Durban and all Stations in the South African Republic (Transvaal).

	NORMAL CLASS.	INTERMEDIATE CLASS.	ROUGH GOODS.	GALVANISED IRON
	Per 100 lbs.	Per 100 lbs.	(Not less than 5 tons). Per 100 lbs.	cases or bundles, un- damageable, per 100 lbs.
Durban to Johannesburg ...	7s. 8d.	6s. 9d.	4s. 11d.	6s. 3d.
„ Pretoria ...	8s. 2d.	7s. 3d.	5s. 4d.	6s. 9d.

Time Tables and General Information as to the Natal Route may be obtained as under:—

### LONDON.

THE AGENT GENERAL FOR NATAL, 25 Victoria Street, S.W.  
CASTLE MAIL PACKET CO., 3 Fenchurch Street, E.C.  
UNION STEAMSHIP COMPANY, 94 to 96 Bishopsgate Street Within.  
BULLARD, KING & CO., 14 St. Mary Axe, E.C.  
JOHN T. RENNIE, SON & CO., 4 East India Avenue, E.C.  
BUCKNALL BROS., 23 Leadenhall Street, E.C.  
THOMAS COOK & SON, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

Messrs. DAWSON BROS., of 1 India Buildings, Water Street, and 18 James Street, Liverpool.

### EDINBURGH.

J. & H. LINDSAY, 7 Waterloo Place.  
J. CURRIE & CO., Leith.  
A. O. OTTYWELL, 6 Shandwick Place.

### GLASGOW.

DONALD CURRIE & CO., 40 St. Enoch Square.  
CAYZER IRVINE & CO., 109 Hope Street.  
F. W. ALLAN & CO., 125 Buchanan Street.

Durban, Natal, November 1895.

DAVID HUNTER, General Manager.

## WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE.

Established by MRS. PATERSON in 1874.

OFFICE:

CLUB UNION BUILDINGS, CLERKENWELL ROAD, E.C.

Open daily from 10 to 1. Also Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays,  
8 to 10 P.M.

Chairman: Miss F. ROUTLEDGE, B.A.

Hon. Sec.: Miss GERTRUDE TUCKWELL.

Secretary: Miss WILSON.

Organisers: Mrs. MARLAND-BRODIE, Miss BARRY.

Treasurer: Mrs. MONCK.

Membership of the League consists in paying an annual subscription to the funds of the Society. These funds are applied to office expenses and the promotion of organization among women, to watching Legislation, and to social work.

## OBJECTS.

**A. ORGANIZATION.** On invitation from affiliated Societies or Trades Councils, the League sends Organizers to any London or provincial district to form new, or strengthen existing, Trades Unions.

**B. LEGISLATION.** The League has a membership of over 20,000 women Trade-Unionists, and acts as their agent in making representations to Government authorities or Parliamentary Committees with regard to their legislative requirements. Complaints as to grievances and breaches of Factory and Public Health Legislation are investigated by the League, and referred to the proper quarters, over 100 having been dealt with last year in this way.

**C. SOCIAL WORK.** The League arranges entertainments and forms clubs among working women. The Paterson Working Girls Club meets weekly at the League Offices, which are also a house of call for women for purposes of inquiry, complaint, and information.

## THE ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN WITH HIP DISEASE, QUEEN SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

### PATRONS.

H. R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.  
H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF FIFE.  
H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND MRS. TEMPLE.  
THE DUKE OF FIFE.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

THE EARL OF MOUNT-EDGUMBE.

THE COUNTESS OF LEVEN AND MELVILL.

LORD ARTHUR BUTLER. THE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER

THE LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL

AND MRS. ELLICOTT.

RIGHT HON. SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, M.P.

LADY HARCOURT.

THE RIGHT HON. SPENCER H. WALPOLE.

THE HON. MRS. GERALD WELLESLEY.

LADY MATHESON. LADY PAGET. LADY TEMPLE, M.C.I.

HON. ELINOR RICE TREVOR.

### COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

Chairman—W. H. WHITFIELD, Esq.

JAMES BERRY, Esq., F.R.C.S. ENG. MISS L. E. BLACKER.

S. B. BOULTON, Esq.

A. A. BOWLBY, Esq., F.R.C.S. ENG. WALTER DOWSON, Esq.

HENRY C. FORDE, Esq. WILLIAM M. FARMER, Esq.

OSWALD A. BROWNE, Esq., M.B.

MISS EMMA GOLDSMID.

TIMOTHY HOLMES, Esq., F.R.C.S. ENG.

COLONEL ALFRED PEARSON. H. F. POOLEY, Esq.

MAJOR J. L. STEAVENSON.

HON. TREASURER.—W. H. WHITFIELD, Esq.

HON. CHAPLAIN.—THE REV. DACRE CRAVEN M.A.

### TRUSTEES.

W. H. WHITFIELD, Esq. WALTER DOWSON, Esq.

The Committee make an Urgent Appeal to the Charitable for Help, which is sadly needed.

# Burlington Carriage Company

LIMITED,

Builders to the Royal Family,

315-317 OXFORD STREET,  
LONDON, W.

Patrons:

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

H.S.H. THE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT  
H.I.H. THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.  
H.S.H. PRINCE IBRAHIM HILMEY.  
H.R.H. PRINCE PRISDANG.  
H.R.H. PRINCE ORSINI.  
H.H. PRINCE CHANDERNAGORE.  
H.H. PRINCE DHULEEP SINGH.  
H.S.H. PRINCE BIRON VON CURLAND.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.  
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.  
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.  
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.  
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.  
THE MOST HON. THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.  
THE MOST HON. THE MARQUIS OF RIPON.  
&c. &c. &c.

SPECIALITE.

THE COB-SIZE LANDAU.

An exceptionally light and graceful little carriage quite under the control of one small horse in a hilly district. Fitted with every modern improvement, self-folding head, self-folding steps, steel overlapping tyres, &c.

SPECIALITE.

OPEN AND CLOSED BROUGHAM.

This compact little carriage can be opened and closed in a second, and has all the advantages of a Landau at half weight. It is a pretty Brougham and Victoria in one, and remarkably popular.

PURCHASES MAY BE EFFECTED ON OUR THREE YEARS' SYSTEM AT AN  
EXTRA CHARGE OF 5 PER CENT ONLY.

*A very comprehensive display of upwards of 500 Carriages of the Newest and most Fashionable  
Designs to be seen at their Showrooms—*

315-317 OXFORD STREET,  
LONDON, W.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by STRANGEWAYS & SONS, Tower Street, W.C., and Published by FREDERIC WINNEY SABIN, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden in the County of London.—Saturday, 26 February 1898.